

Sports Illustrated



JULY 17, 1961

25 CENTS

**THE BIG
TRACK DUEL
U.S.
vs. RUSSIA**

**High Jumper
Valeri Brumel**

CCCP



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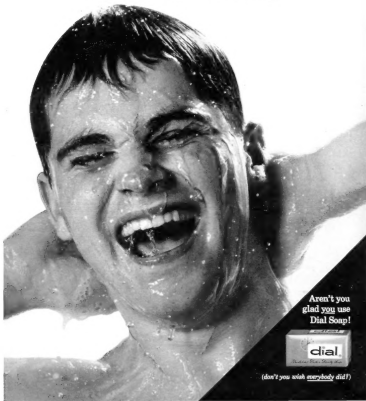
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From Moscow Roy Terrell and Jerry Cooke report in words and pictures the biggest track news of 1981—the clash between the U.S. team and its equally strong Russian foes.

In a castle laboratory high above the Hudson River sits Dr. Simon Duchas, probing the psyche of the masses, sports fans not excepted. A story of a very unusual man.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JULY 17, 1981

SCORECARD

THE CAP FITS

The National Bumbling Association, also known as the National Boxing Association, has done it again. Given a choice between putting on a thinking cap or a dunce cap, the NBA always picks the one that best fits its pointy little head. Standing in a corner with its back to the class, the organization that pretends to rule boxing has announced that Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson may not fight the most recent Boston strong boy, Tom McNesley, in September, as planned. Instead he must take on any of the top six challengers—Ingemar Johansson, whom Patterson has already fought three times; Sonny Lister, whose right to be in boxing at all is questionable (see page 271); Eddie Machen, just beaten by a light heavyweight; and the likes of Henry Cooper of England, George Chuvalo of Canada, and Alejandro Lavarante of Argentina.

It is perfectly obvious, to everyone but an NBA commissioner, that the proposed McNesley fight is intended only to keep Patterson in action while not unduly risking his title. It is equally clear that under the present tax laws Patterson has every right to meet an occasional inferior opponent provided he seriously lays the title on the line once a year. To ask otherwise is to demand that he chance defeat for virtually nothing, since the income tax bite on a second 1961 fight would scarcely leave him with training expenses. Would the NBA like to see Floyd Patterson in the bottomless tax pit that Joe Louis dug himself into?

PETITE ETOILE

Sometimes a sports event is just made to come out a particular way. One such occurred last week at Kempton Park in England.

A new race was on the program, called the Aly Khan International Memorial Gold Cup. Among the starters, and highly favored, was a silver-gray 5-year-old mare, all wire and whipcord, named Petite Etoile. Winner of both the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks in 1959, she had gone on winning last year

and this over both colts and fillies and was beginning to be called one of the greatest mares England has ever known.

But Petite Etoile had other reasons for winning, too. Since she had been bred and owned by the late Aly Khan, how could she miss tossing a salute to the man who at his death controlled one of the most powerful racing establishments in Europe? How could she fail to fix her own place in horse history?

Hand us the arsenic—she came in second. Maybe Lester Piggott gave her a bad ride. Maybe it was an off track. Maybe she was slammed by one of the boys in the race. Or maybe it was simply in the books that she was to be beaten by a 4-year-old colt, High Hat, whose owner is noted for his sense of history—Sir Winston Churchill.

VISITORS

One soft, cool summer morning recently, some 100 students from the University of Paris arrived at New York's Idlewild airport. They had been flown across the Atlantic by the Flying Tiger airline, and, though the flight had been delayed six and a half hours, the young men and women were not complaining. Their round-trip fare had cost only \$99.

Flying Tiger offered this remarkable price for a practical reason. Its planes were taking American tourists to Europe, but many were returning empty. The U.S. Government was interested in the Flying Tiger experiment for an equally practical reason. Americans spend much more money abroad than foreign tourists spend here. The sum—\$1.1 billion—is almost one-third of the 1960 U.S. deficit in international payments. By luring more tourists to this country—a matter which was recently made the concern of a brand-new agency, the U.S. Travel Service—the Government hopes to correct the imbalance.

Despite the lateness of the hour the French students' faces were shining and their eyes were bright as they went through customs. However, most of them did not intend to travel in this country at all; they planned to stay

with friends. Others were taking summer courses at American universities. A few had purchased bus tickets (also for \$99) that would enable them to ride anywhere in the U.S. during their stay. They all were extremely conscious of a franc.

We bid these visitors welcome to America, the could-be tourist's paradise, though we doubt if they and the rest of the 2,500 or so who have strapped up the Flying Tiger's bargain will help cut the deficit in international payments. Perhaps the fabled, free-spending American—the gent with the cash in his hand and the credit card in his pocket—just cannot be duplicated.

WINDBLOWN

Last fall Horace Storeham was talking about various improvements at Candlestick Park to make it more comfortable for fans and less hazardous for ballplayers. So far, Storeham and the San Francisco city fathers have argued about who would pay for those improvements, and very little has been done. Because of the now-famous wind, prudent fans



still dress for a night game as if they were going to a football game in Wisconsin in December. They wear parkas, furs, woolen scarves, ear muffs and topcoats. They carry hand-warmers, and some are shod in fleece-lined boots. Even in the deluxe mezzanine section—glass-enclosed on two sides but open in front—the wind bites to the marrow. Luckily, deluxe-seat owners have private lockers in which they can stow extra sweaters and a bottle or two of warming beverages.

In left field there are 6,000 "unprotected" seats whose occupants, oddly

continued

enough, are relatively comfortable. This is because the wind sweeps off the local hillside and generally enters by way of center field (fans in center field, who get the blast from below, spend a lot of their time standing up). It blows toward right (one fan in right field recently attached himself to his seat with a seat belt), circles under the right-field stands and zooms toward home plate. Then it tries to gather its resources to raid left field, but by then it has no zip left.

There are other problems besides the wind. Some of the rest rooms feature nothing but cold water. The radiant heating system is ineffective. Fans in the 90c bleacher seats can't see the scoreboard. You have to be seven feet tall to speak directly into the opening of the box-office ticket windows. (Inside, the floor is a foot and a half higher.)

It is Stoneham's position that the city of San Francisco built the park, so let the city fix it. Anyway, the coffee vendors are happy.

BRIGITTE (CONT.)

Last week we left the French trotter Kracovic languishing in her stall at Roosevelt Raceway, forlorn and despairing because her mascot Brigitte, a sheep that looks like a goat, was not allowed to come over with her from Paris. Since then, the raceway people have been trying to find a substitute goat. They are aware that Kracovic may be the favorite in Roosevelt's International Trot this Saturday (July 15). More important, they remember the vast amount of free newspaper space they were able to corner when another French trotter named Jamin turned out to be a lover of antiques, and the several bushels he brought to this country were impounded, released and then lost. They mounted a huge antihike hunt then—and now they have their own press agent and a lot of others hunting a goat with equal zeal. The hunt last week went this way:

WED., JULY 3: 9 goats taken to the raceway; 4 were male and were rejected out of hand by Kracovic's trainer-driver, Roger Vercauthe. The 5 females were dosed with caramel syrup, supposedly attractive to horses. Not to Kracovic, who ignored 3, tried to crush No. 4 against the stall and kicked No. 5 after the goat ripped her on the ankle.

THURS., JULY 4: 16 goats paraded before

Kracovic. After rejecting 11, Kracovic shared her drinking gall with No. 12. Two hours later the goat burst Kracovic and was hauled back to Rochester, FRI., JULY 5: Tina Louise, the actress, brought her goat, Lili, and her press agent, Gene Aretsky. For five hours Lili and Kracovic got along, then—gaffe! Lili was whisked out and returned to Miss Louise's farm to recuperate. A goat with hooves was rejected on a penitentiary challenge by Vercauthe.

SAT., JULY 6: The owners of Kracovic, M. and Mrs. Van Rilla, arrived in the

DANGER

Occasionally I catch the scent of fire...

*A prickling hair of urgency,
A visceral squeeze,
And you are in
The earthquake city of fear.*

*Now time is,
Not river current
Under fresh wind
Going two ways.*

*All times quieten
For an illuminated fugue.
There is respect
In the presence.*

*Spectator shares
A mystic exhalation
With protagonist.*

*Then ever after
You
On the blind old haunting dog
Will catch the wind
Hoping to catch the scent
And to embrace again the lovely enemy.*

—GERALD RUSSELL

U.S. to check up on Kracovic and to see about a petition to the White House to let Brigitte come to America. A goat dosed with molasses was presented to Kracovic's groom. He rejected it.

SUN., JULY 7: M. and Mrs. Van Rilla went to Jones Beach. President Kennedy continued to study the problem of Berlin at Hyannis Port. Kracovic napped.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The long-discussed "Continental Conference," which would comprise college football powers from coast to coast that are now independents, is approaching reality. Notre Dame Coach Joe Kuharich has suggested to Miami (Fla.) Coach Andy Gustafson a lineup of Notre

Dame, Miami, Air Force, Army, Navy, Syracuse, UCLA, Southern California, Washington and Pittsburgh. Kuharich's idea is for each member to play seven games within the league, the champion to meet the Big Ten champion in the Rose Bowl. Gustafson has talked this over with Army Coach Dale Hall. Hall says he is "interested" but worries whether the cadets can get the personnel to compete in such a league year in and year out.

• If Carry Back comes through the Choice Stakes at Moynihan Park on August 2 and the Travers at Saratoga on August 12 in good shape, Jack Price will be angling for an invitation to the United Nations Handicap on the grass at Atlantic City on September 16. The reason: he wants to give his Derby and Preakness winner some turf experience in preparation for a trip to Paris and Longchamp's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe on October 8. This is Europe's richest race (\$128,385 last year).

OBSTACLE

Pressing there is no end to the natural hazards of golf, a large black bear invaded the Ocean Shores course near Aberdeen, Wash. the other day and lumbered around on the fourth fairway until he was driven back to the woods by a helicopter. Officials thereupon posted a sign near the first tee with revised summer rules: "If ball is picked up by bear, player may replace and take one penalty stroke. If player gets ball back from bear, take automatic put for hole."

RUNNER-UP

Fans at Wimbledon were delighted last week with the antics and real of 20-year-old Charles (Chuck) McKinley of St. Ann, Mo., who occasionally wallows a ball over the stands when displeased with a shot, or cries: "Keep it in the court, you idiot!" when he belts a ball wide of the lines. The rages of McKinley—the first American to reach the Wimbledon finals in six years—are self-directed. About the only thing that upsets him besides his own errors is getting fired at with the tennis equivalent of a bean ball—a doubles shot aimed at his navel when all four players are in a close flurry at the net.

Ranked No. 4 in the U.S. in 1960, McKinley is a go-for-broke attacker who is called the Missile by his colleagues. Besides hitting every ball hard,

continued

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SCORECARD continued

whether necessary or not, McKinley has a knack of disconcerting opponents by turning "unretrievable" shots into winners. Bobby Wilson, England's No. 2, says, "I have never played against such a fantastically fast opponent." One discouraging point for Wilson at Wimbledon were like this: Wilson hit a sharp-angled crosscourt to McKinley's backhand. It looked like a sure winner, but McKinley scooted over to the ball, flicked his racket out and sent back a tripping of a lob. Wilson waited confidently at the net as McKinley crashed into the tarpaulin against the stands and ricocheted back toward the center of the court, then banged a tremendous smush. McKinley, still going at full throttle, got his racket on the ball as it whooshed off the turf and plunked it into an undefended part of Wilson's court for the point. That was the end of Wilson; he dropped his racket and watched McKinley, who had not yet reversed field, continue his charge toward the stands.

Unfortunately for McKinley, speed, acrobatics and concentration were of no avail in the Wimbledon final against the tricky Australian lefty, Rod Laver, who outgeneraled him at every turn. But no other amateur has improved as much as ingenious Chuck McKinley, and if this is not his year, 1962 may well be.

THE BROAD AMERICAN

Everybody knows that today's Americans are bigger than the pygmies who drove the Indians into oblivion and settled the wilderness. Some may question whether they have become brighter but nobody, according to the American Seating Company, can deny that they are broader. The company is working on 50,000 seats for the new stadium in the nation's capital, and research has convinced American Seating that the American rear is four inches wider than it was a century ago and three inches wider than in 1923 when New York's Yankee Stadium was built. New Washington stadium seats will be 20 to 22 inches, compared with the 17- to 19-inch seats put into Yankee Stadium. What the spreading beam means to baseball's owners is as painful to contemplate as the evidence it affords of our increasingly softer life: 15,000 fewer seats (50,000 instead of 65,000) and about \$22,000 less on a sell-out game.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BILLIE JEAN MOFFITT of Long Beach, Calif., combined with Karen Blumie from Chula Vista, Calif., to form unopposed doubles team in Wimbledon tennis, were the women's title by beating Margaret Smith and Jan Lehane of Australia 6-3, 6-4.



KYLE NOF, 9, an Angeleno, Kean Little League pitcher is rival with runners on second and third and nobody out, caught a pop-up. By far first out, then raced over to catch both runners off base for an unopposed triple play before his team lost 9-0.



JEAN DANILOVICH, 14, of Jackson, Calif., stepped into higher age bracket, captured singles title (the girls up to 18) in U.S.L.T.A. Junior Hard Court tennis at Burlingame, Calif., beating Jan Country of San Francisco 6-6, 6-1 in the final tournament finale.



LEO BARBOZA of Bermuda took only 23 minutes to land a 15-pound snake in 25-foot diving contest one side of the island's own coast. Later learned his catch surpassed 25-year-old world record in 20-pound two-line category by 47½ pounds.



PAT DUANE of Delray Beach sailed with husband Jack to win Hawaii Flying Dutchman title on Maui's Biscayne Bay, a strong tough-bark losses in 1960 to half-year party and then craft capsize and in 1969 to a tugboat breasting Jack into the drink.



THERESA CARTER, 49, of San Francisco, seven times a grandmother, scored 3,990 in national field archery championships at Crystal Springs, Ark., to win women's in-structive title, 1960. "Compared to raising a family, shooting a bow is easy."

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Occidental Life





WITH MOSBACHER AT THE WHEEL AND COSETS OF ROVETS SWARMING AROUND THE OGGIPT, "EASTERNER" DRIVES AHEAD TO HER

FIRST BLOOD FOR BUS

by CARLETON MITCHELL

Master Helmsman Bus Mosbacher climbed aboard a perennial loser called 'Easterner' and won an early tune-up for the America's Cup

Off Oyster Bay on Long Island Sound last Saturday afternoon a starter's gun sounded, and three tall sloops, their bright Dacron sails filled by a light easterly breeze, glided across the starting line. The 12-meter boats were rehearsing the America's Cup drama again, warming up for the trials to decide who

large. And the two rivals that remained, *Wishnoff*, with her 1958 skipper Arthur Knapp at the helm, and the mahogany-hulled *Easterner*, had spent most of their competitive existence in Colonel Knapp's wake. Nevertheless, as the three boats hit the line, the eyes of the small spectator fleet were on *Easterner*, the craft that at Newport had won the nickname of the "If only . . ." boat.

Last boat to be launched in '58, sailed until the first few days by basically a family crew, and lacking the elaborate sail inventory and equipment of her competitors, *Easterner* did not win a single race during her entire first year of life. Although at times she proved herself capable of bursts of speed which impressed observers, something always happened before the finish. "If only . . ." said the experts: if only from the first she had had a crack crew, chosen and drilled with the unemotional efficiency of a professional football team; if only she had had a wider selection of sails; if only she had had a top helmsman. But Chandler Hovey, her owner, a Boston investment banker, and at 78 the dean of active U.S. yachtsmen, has declared he would sail her as a "family boat," and so she remained during the early summer. And suffered accordingly.

In the summers of 1959 and 1960, without the stimulus of a challenge, the 12-meter class was dormant except for an inconclusive series of match races between *Wishnoff* and *Easterner*. But after the Australian challenge, *Colossus*, which had been on display in the marine museum in Mystic, Conn., was bought by Wall Street Broker Paul Shields, who appointed his brother, the internationally famous yachtsman Cornelius Shields, as chief strategist and adviser, and named Cornelius Jr. helmsman. Knapp called many of his old crew back aboard *Wishnoff*.

But most important, Bus Mosbacher, the wizard who had kept the aging 40u in contention with *Colossus* in 1955, was invited to Boston and offered *Easterner's* helm. Moreover, he was said to be in complete control of tactics and crew, and to have been possessed new sails and other necessary equipment.

Thus last week came the beginnings of the answer to *Easterner's* potential ability. After three spotty preliminary events, one not completed for lack of wind, Saturday, July 8 brought the three evening candidates together for the first

important test in three years. I was aboard *Easterner* as she moved along in the light wind, which held remarkably steady and true throughout the course. The rival skippers all made good starts, on the line at the gun, but without the tactical fireworks that Mosbacher produced at Newport. After a series of tacks along the Connecticut shore, *Easterner* arrived at the first turning mark, in third

TRAILING 'EASTERNER' on spinaker run, *Wishnoff's* crew tries sails for extra speed.



STARTING VICTORY OFF OYSTER BAY

will defend next summer against a challenge from Australia.

By all the fern charts, compiled from dozens of regattas, there should have been little doubt which of these three boats would win this early run-up. The 69-foot *Colossus*, which took the trials in 1958 and then crushed Benoit's *Scepter* in four straight races, was the obvious favorite. Her arrival in 1958, the 22-year-old 41er, was shipped to Australia months ago under charter as a trail horse and crew-training ship for the syndicate behind the Australian chal-



place, not moving as well as her adversaries in the light air, partially because she is the sort of boat that does best in heavy weather, but principally—in my opinion—because she did not have the proper jib.

At the mark, *Columbia* forced *Weatherly* to go about, then carried her wide, leaving an opening for *Easterlee* at the buoy. Mosbacher drove through like Eddie Ariens finding a hole in the rail. An efficient crew had a spinnaker up and dousing at the same instant, and *Easterlee* simply sailed away from the other two 12s, downwind in light weather—



BOB MOSBACHER AT "EASTERLEE" HELM

not particularly her specialty on the basis of pure performance.

It should have been the race, but wasn't—quite. At the second mark, *Weatherly* was some 300 yards astern, and *Columbia* completely out of the picture after an unsuccessful attempt to tack downwind. This time, for the boat back to the finish, *Easterlee* set a different jib, but one that seemed no better than the first. *Weatherly* gained rapidly—so rapidly that before half of the leg was sailed she was abreast of *Easterlee*. For a moment she moved ahead, and it

seemed certain that she would go on to win. But the breeze freshened, and as it did, *Easterlee* came alive. *Weatherly* dropped back and Knapp was forced to tack. Here again Bob Mosbacher showed perfect judgment and iron courage: it seemed doubtful that *Easterlee* could reach the finish line without making a short tack—in this situation, a risky and perhaps disastrous maneuver. But Mosbacher felt he could make it. He held his course, and he was right. *Easterlee* swept across with inches to spare, winner of the first three-boat event of her career, as well as her first formal race as a candidate for defense.

It was a good victory, truly so. But a long trail still lies ahead, and ultimate victory still depends on many factors, most of all on putting together the "little things"—the infinite details of equipment, crew and handling enumerated three years ago by Olin Stephens, designer of both *Columbia* and *Vixen*. Under mutual agreement, for instance, the candidates are now being sailed with crews of 14, although only 11 may be aboard during the final trials and the defense. As of last weekend, except for Mosbacher and a few fondled men picked by him, *Easterlee* was still being sailed as a flustered boy. Should were four members of the Honey clan—Chandler senior and junior, son Charley and grandson Tommy—with others waiting ashore in depth. Sooner or later, a hard decision will have to be made. Furthermore, *Easterlee* does not begin to match the sail selection of her rivals: not a single item has been added this year, while *Columbia* has a new mainsail, a new genoa and a new spinnaker to add to the fullest sail inventory with which a new skipper was ever blessed.

Meanwhile, what of the Australians? As of now, Sir Frank Packer, head of the Aussie syndicate, plans to launch his yet unnamed vessel in September and have her rigged and ready for sailing in December. Crew candidates are being drilled aboard *Vixen*, the first 12-meter ever seen by the majority of the Australians. As soon as possible, trials and informal races will begin, to continue through our northern hemisphere winter. In the spring of next year, both boats will be shipped to New York, to proceed to Newport and a summer of practice while our own trials are taking place.

In every way the Australian challenge appears as thorough and well conceived as it is possible for a nation without



HUSTLING YOUNG CREW ON THE TRIA CUP

any background in large racing classes to make. By copying the shape of *Vixen*, Designer Alan Payne had the same departure point for tank testing as did Olin Stephens before the creation of *Columbia*. This should insure against a repetition of the *Jeanyne* fiasco. With the consent of the New York Yacht Club, the challenging Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron was permitted use of the hull model testing facilities of the Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N.J., and rarer has it that tests were extensive. Now a team of Australian sailmakers is in the U.S. to purchase the necessary synthetic fabrics and study American methods.

Yet, I must confess believing that

SEASONED CREW ABOARD "WEATHERLY"





CHALLENGER "COLUMBIA" QUICKLY TAKES DOWN THE SPRAKER AND PUTS UP A GENOA AS BOAT ROUNDS THE SECOND MARK.

the number of "little things" the Australians must perfect will be almost out of reach on a first try. A finished 12-meter yacht requires a high degree of technological and scientific skills and a varied industrial background; there is knowledge of the behavior of synthetic materials that can only be acquired by experience, and the automatic reaction to certain competitive situations learned by practice from early youth.

Kept on for a defender?

But suppose the Australians do make the breakthrough and come up with a boat capable of beating the best we have in existence? Is the U.S. likely to put forward a defender more advanced than

any of the three now sailing? So many rumors float around the 12-meter class that if they could be cashed in at 51 each, anyone could build a potential defender. But at this writing there does not seem to be a new boat in the offing. Henry Mercer, head of the syndicate owning *Weatherly*, verified one rumor when he admitted that if *Weatherly* failed to do well this summer, she might be replaced. Said Mr. Mercer, "If things don't pan out—and we are prepared to make all possible changes—we are definitely interested in the possibility of a new boat."

Beyond these rumors is the fact that Olin Stephens and Ray Hunt (who designed *Enterprise*), have both worked up

new drawings for a 12. Much tank testing has been done. But, though the naval architects are ready, customers with \$400,000 to spend are lacking.

Would a new boat be faster than one of the old, say *Colombia*, the 17th defender? "Based on the results of the tank tests, we definitely feel the design could be improved," said Frederick Stephens, Olin's father. But time is running out. "The latest safe date for an order," says the elder Stephens, "would be right now, July, figuring forward from the completion of tank tests. *Colombia* was launched in June. It would still be possible to meet that schedule." Anyone who would like to defend had better step up right now. **END**

HANDS OVER WINDWARD RAIL ON WAY TO THE FIRST MARK, DESPITE SUCH ALL-OUT EFFORTS, "WEATHERLY" LOST IN FINAL LEG OF RACE



THE REDS ARE THE REAL THING

Once a good bet for the second division, Cincinnati has now won the respect of the doubters by knocking off its toughest pennant rival

by ROGER WILLIAMS

The Cincinnati Reds, who have had the experts in wild confusion for months, went out to Los Angeles last weekend and drove the Dodgers practically out of their minds. Nearly everyone expected them to collapse at last in the face of Dodger might; instead, like a band of little Davids, they murdered Goliath in three out of four games. They start the second half of the season, after the All-Star break, five games in front, and are clearly the team to beat for the National League pennant.

This is a club that was supposed to finish sixth, and on April 30 the Reds were indeed in last place. Exactly a month later they were in first; in and out for a few weeks, they have now held the lead since June 16. And yet, only a few days before the trip to Los Angeles, there was still a great deal of doubt about their ability to stick. In Chicago, Redleg pitchers put on a horrible performance. They gave the weak Cubs 54 hits, including 13 homers, and 46 runs in four games, of which they lost three. (Said the experts: Just as we predicted, the Reds will get their bats, they had 43 and 25 runs against the Cubs—but their pitching simply can't hold up.)

Then the Reds went to Milwaukee, and there they really found themselves. It was the result of a typical baseball brawl. After playing the first two games with the Braves, the Reds fell behind in the third game 5-2. In the Cincinnati half of the fourth, Pitcher Jim O'Toole singled and tried to come home on Eddie Kasko's double. Between third and home O'Toole slipped and fell; scrambling back, he tried to knock the

ball from the hands of the Braves' Eddie Mathews. Mathews held the ball just long enough to record the putout, then threw it away and started for O'Toole. Out came both benches.

Somehow, in that tiny baseball scene, the Reds recaptured a special spark they

have yet to lose. Pitcher O'Toole, who had given up three homers and five runs in the three innings, retired the next six Braves to face him. After he left for a pinch hitter, Sherman Jones pitched four scoreless innings. Then Jim Brown pitched four more, and the Reds, who had tied the score at 5 all, won in the 11th on a homer by Gordon Coleman. From that point on they beat the top contenders—Pirates, Giants and Dodgers—in seven of eight games.

Cincinnati's best hitters during the drive were Frank Robinson, Vada Pinson and Coleman. Robinson and Pinson are the club's best at almost any time, but Coleman has been a real surprise. A big, friendly youngster, whose jaw almost comes unhinged when he chews gum, he batted .425 during the Cincinnati streak and raised his average to over .300; his runs batted in to 53. Coleman, a lefty himself, is unusually weak against left-handed pitching; he always has been and accepts the fact almost cheerfully. He estimates his 1961 batting average against left-handers is under .200, which makes him a terror against right-handers.

WINNING BAT BOYS, TYPICAL OF CONFIDENT DODGER ATTITUDE TOWARD REDS



Redding pitching, since the Cub night-mare, has been steady, reliable, rarely brilliant but rarely awful. Veteran Bob Purkey, a convert to the knuckle ball, won two games during the streak. So did Joey Jay, the long-time starter whom the Reds acquired from Milwaukee. Brunan, one of the league's best long-relief men, and Bill Henry, one of the best short men, helped save four of the eight decisions. Sherman Jones, a hulking Giant draftee, pitched commendably as both starter and reliever.

When the Redlegs got to Los Angeles, the season-opening double-header with the Dodgers drew 68,742, a National League record for a night game. Cincinnati won one game on sheer power, the other on good pitching. Ken Hahn, who has been the league's outstanding rookie, started the opener and was unbelievably bad. Fourteen of the first 15 pitches he threw were balls. He then gave up a three-run double, threw a wild pitch and hit a man. Yet Manager Fred Hutchinson, typically patient, kept him in for six innings.

Hahn did much better as a batter. Although he had made only three hits all

season and had struck out the first 10 times, he picked on Sandy Koufax, the Dodgers' top pitcher, for a single and a double and three runs batted in. Down 3-0 at the outset, the Reds bunched eight runs in three innings and won 11-7. Purkey, Cincinnati's top winner with 11 victories, stopped the Dodgers in the second game 4-1 on eight hits. The huge crowd filed silently out of the Coliseum well after midnight.

On Saturday night the winning streak was stopped. The Dodgers climbed all over big Jim Maloney and his relief, Jay Hook, and took an easy 10-1 decision. Later, Hutchinson just shook his head and halfheartedly agreed that losing big was perhaps the best way to end a winning streak.

It was in the final game that at least one Dodger lost his head, and the others were barely scratching theirs at Cincinnati's confidence and resilience. Frank Robinson hit a home run in the first inning in the sixth. Pitcher Don Drysdale, who leads the league in hitting batters (13), knocked Robinson down with a close pitch. He was warned by Umpire Dusty Boggess, and fined \$50.

He knocked Robinson down again with the next pitch, and hit him on the arm with a third, at which point Boggess finally threw Drysdale out of the game. To complete the Dodgers' discordant, Robinson hit another homer in the eighth, had seven runs batted in, and the Reds won 14-3.

Despite their fast pace, the Reds are, of course, a long way from a pennant. They still rely chiefly on young pitchers, and their catching is entirely in the hands of two rookies. Their hitting, always good, may be at its peak right now: Robinson and Pison, to be sure, are .300 hitters—but is Gordon Coleman? Can Eddie Kasko continue to hit around .300? Will Gene Freese keep driving in the key runs?

When asked Fred Hutchinson, he will shrug his shoulders and say, quite honestly, that he doesn't know. But last weekend, asked to compare the Reds of today with the team at the start of the season, he gave what looks like the most measured answer possible. "We realize now that this is a good, sound ball club," Hutchinson said. "We've begun to believe we can do the job." **END**

BEFORE SERIES STARTED, BASEBALL LOST THEIR LAUGHTER AS KADAR PISON'S DRIVE SAILED FOR FOURTH INNING HOME RUN IN OPENER



POWER VERSUS PERFECTION: THE U.S.-EUROPE TRACK MEETS

Russia and Poland have polished their performers to the high gloss of a sputnik skin; the Americans' hope is that natural talent will prevail

An American team composed, in essence, of the best natural track and field men anywhere is in Moscow to compete against the meticulously polished, carefully nurtured athletes who represent Soviet Russia. The two-day event in the 104,000-seat Lenin Stadium is the first of four international dual meets to be held in the next two weeks between the U.S. and European track and field teams, and by the time the Americans get home they probably will be wondering what's so tough about an Olympic year.

It's not only the Russian men who have a chance of avenging two earlier defeats by the U.S. (127-108 and 126-109)—the Polish men conceivably could win also. Only Great Britain and West Germany, the latter competing without the East Germans, who teamed with them at the Olympics, are sure to lose to the U.S. The reason for this upsurge in the level of foreign track competition is nothing startling or new—it is a simple combination of studious development of technique and increasing diligence. These qualities are epitomized in the best known of all the European athletes and the one who has surprised the U.S. the most—Valeriy Brumel.

No American high jumper, whether you measure technique or results, performs as well as Brumel (see opposite page). John Thomas, whose physical attributes should enable him to beat Brumel by three inches, probably never will. He has lost to the Russian four times, including the Rome Olympics.

Why? Says Brumel: "The thing you have to understand is that I have been working very hard at this jumping—longer and harder than Thomas. You may not have heard of me until Rome, but it has been a long time for me."

Brumel jumps quite differently from

Thomas. He approaches the bar faster, plants his left foot harder, lifts higher. While Thomas almost leaps up to the bar and seems to float over, Brumel blasts his way up and across.

"It is a matter of speed," Brumel says. "The most important part is the run. The run must be perfect, otherwise the jump will be nothing."

"In America they concentrate on jumping, on the parts of the jump. We work on running. I run all the time in training—sprints. I do the 100 meters in 10.7 (equivalent to a 100-yard dash in 9.8). The higher the jump, the more speed necessary, and the more strength. Like a broad jumper it is with me. The last stride is low for maximum push off the left foot. I start near the upright because I need the whole bar. I jump along the bar—this gives me time to perform the mechanics of the jump. Thomas jumps over it—up with his leg and then he starts down."

Clicks and a grunt

Brumel's careful, concise analysis of the anatomy of jumping is typical of all the European athletes whom the Americans will meet on this exciting, if too rushed, tour of Europe. The European runners and jumpers study their events exhaustively because they must have encyclopedic knowledge of them in order to beat the Americans.

"You never see an American track and field coach with a camera in his hand when we go to Europe," a U.S. coach said three years ago when our first team went to Moscow. "But when Parry O'Brien put the shot (there you couldn't hear him grunt for the click of the Russian coaches' cameras.)"

That was, of course, true. Steady a Russian shotgunner today and you find echoes of O'Brien in his every move.

In Moscow the U.S. will win the quick, explosive events, as it did in 1958 and 1959. But the team will lose the long events—the events in which exhaustive training makes a difference and explosive energy is discounted—for the Russians are dedicated to this timeless expenditure of energy, the expenditure needed to develop precisely the wing of an arm needed throughout the 30-minute trek of the 10,000-meter run.

The U.S., then, should win every race up to the 5,000 meters in Moscow, with Jim Beatty and Dyrol Burleson continuing their personal duel in the 1,500-meter. In the field events Ralph Boston, undoubtedly the world's best broad jumper, must beat Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, the second-best. Russia's Vitaly Kiret is unbeatable in the hop, step and jump. The high jump is almost certainly theirs, the pole vault in dispute. We are sending two youthful vaulters to face their first international competition.

With the retirement of Ralph Johnson, one spectacular high point of the previous Russian-U.S. meet is sadly gone. The decathlon duels between Johnson and Vasili Kurnetsev were something very special. Now Paul Herman and Dave Edrington fall heir to Johnson's role, with slight chance of success.

The Moscow meet should be a photo finish. At Stuttgart two days later the U.S. faces a West German team whose strength is in the sprints and hurdles. Less trouble is expected there. It is too early in the season for the late-starting European trackmen to have reached their peak, but late enough for the German team to have lost two of their best men—Armin Hary, retired after a knee injury, and Martin Lauer, hospitalized with a leg infection. Nor can much be expected from a third, Carl Kaufmann, who is hampered by a thigh injury. Give

continued on page 25



VERTICAL POWER of Russian high jumper
Weirud is gained by converting tremendous speed of approach (right) into upward thrust through straight left leg. Placement of left foot enables him to start jump unusually close to bar. Hand-swinging right leg carries him up to bar as left foot leaves ground and kicks slightly to the rear.



HORIZONTAL GRACE is the softness with which Weirud sails over the bar. Right leg leads body. Left arm is tucked under chest.

Under chest, left arm is dropped out and back to form open body. Right leg is tucked to provide balance, kept bent to clear bar.





A Schuss in the Slush Cup

Photographs by Marshall Lockman



The big event on Washington's Mount Baker every Fourth of July is the Slush Cup—a hybrid sport inspired by the pools of melted snow that gather on the ski runs. Dozens of Slush Cuppers schuss down the slopes, hit the icy water and hope momentum will carry them across. It seldom

does. Some, like the sleek min at left, emerge from their ducking in a statuesque pose. Others, like the skier coming in for a three-point landing (over), go down fighting. A few arrive (right) upside down and airborne. So far, no one ever has broken a leg, drowned or frozen to death.



WHILE MANTLE WATCHES TOLERANTLY, THE



Cubans, Cops and a Shy TV

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JULY 17, 1964



EXIT

COPE: HUSTLE BANNER-BEARING ANTI-CASTRO CUBANS OFF THE FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF A YANKEE-THOR DOUBLE-HEADER

There was more to watch than baseball at Yankee Stadium last week—but you had to be there to see it. During a double-header between New York and Detroit, a band of ardent Cubans leaped out of the stands into right field waving anti-Castro banners. They were followed by a posse of police who, to the delight of 34,246 spectators, managed to look like Keystone Cops, as they chased the Cubans around the harrassed ballplayers. Those viewing at home, however, were not allowed to join in the fun. Like an embittered old lady at a roughhouse, the tired TV camera hastily averted their eyes and began a pointless study of the stands, while Announcer Red Barber mumbled something about taking a look at the scoreboard. Nobody ever bothered to explain what the score really was.

CAN'T A FELLOW MAKE A MISTAKE?

Here is an extraordinary report on a disturbing new figure in boxing: Heavyweight Contender Sonny Liston, who is comforted (right) by his wife Geraldine after his 10th arrest

by GILBERT ROGIN and MORTON SHARNIK

Shortly before 3 a.m. on June 12, Mrs. Delores Ellis, a 29-year-old Negro woman, was driving home alone through Philadelphia's Fairmount Park when she noticed a car following her. The pursuing car drew alongside, a spotlight was played upon her and she was ordered to pull over and stop. Just then, John Warburton, a park guard, drove up. The two men turned off their lights and sped away. Warburton gave chase at speeds reaching 80 mph. When he overtook them, one man jumped out of the car and ran. Warburton fired a warning shot, and the fugitive halted. The driver remained motionless behind the wheel. Warburton remarked later, with some astonishment, that the driver's face was absolutely expressionless.

The two men were charged with impersonating an officer, extinguishing auto lights to avoid identification, resisting arrest, disorderly conduct and conspiracy, and were released on \$300 bail. The driver of the car was identified as Sonny





Liston, the No. 1 contender for the heavyweight championship of the world, at present held by Floyd Patterson. It was Liston's 19th arrest since 1950. On July 1 the charges were dismissed after a hearing conducted by Magistrate E. David Kiser. At the judge's suggestion, Liston and his companion apologized to Mrs. Ellis.

"A boxing match is like a cowboy movie," Sonny Liston has said in a more canofine moment. "There's got to be good guys, and there's got to be bad guys. That's what the people pay for; to see the bad guys get beat. So I'm a bad guy. But I change things. I don't get beat."

Charles Liston, alias Sonny; colored, 29, 6 feet 1½, 230, black hair, maroon eyes, medium-dark complexion, male, married, Arkansas, boxer, residing at 5345 Dunlap, Philadelphia 31. This is, in effect, how the police of St. Louis and Philadelphia officially describe him. The description "maroon eyes" is, alas, fancy. They are brown and unremarked, in a round, serene face. His lips, however, are fact. They are as large and substantial as cannon balls, and whatever Sonny has done, his triumphs and his falls—has been accomplished with these magnificent hands.

Liston has had 33 professional fights since 1953 and has won 32, 23 by knockout. He has defeated such accomplished boxers as Eddie Machen and Zora Foley. His only loss was in 1954 to Marty Marshall, whom he later beat twice.

Bob Barnes, sports editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, has told of Sonny's defeat by Marshall, a clowning, eccentric fighter.

"I'm sort of standing there," Barnes quoted Liston as saying, "wondering what this fellow's going to do next. All of a sudden he jumps up and down, lets out a whoop like a wild man, and I get to laughing at him. I had my mouth wide open laughing when he whipped me right on the jaw. It didn't hurt much, but I couldn't close my mouth. That happened about the third or fourth round, and I had to fight him with my mouth open the rest of the way. After a while it got to hurting pretty bad."

Marshall had broken Sonny's jaw. Since then, Liston has learned to glower pretentiously when he is in the ring. It is tempting to say he has also learned to keep his mouth shut, but Liston has always been—ordinarily—an excep-



"UNWHOLESOME INFLUENCE" Frank Marshall, who has been arrested 26 times, mentions suspicion of gambling, was an inmate of Yale and Liston's co-manager.

tionally reticent, inert and remote man. His forbidding, baleful stare, his heroic "burr," his relative efficiency, his extensive police record and hoodlum associations have caused some observers to speak of him as a beast, an animal who should be kept in a cage. Such representations do not rile Liston.

"Everybody thinks I should be mean and tough, but I'm not," he declares. "Fighting ain't fun. In the ring I look tough because I'm trying to get the score on the other guy. And the way some



ST. LOUIS HOODLUM John Yazle, arrested 38 times over the years and convicted three times, was a "good friend" of Liston and, police say, held 12½ of his contract.

of these suckers fight, I guess they are scared."

Sonny Liston was born on a marginal cotton farm outside of Little Rock, Ark. His birth date is conjectural, but it probably was May 8, 1932. Sonny's father, who is dead, was married twice, and Sonny is a product of the second marriage. Sonny thinks there were altogether 25 children, a belief that once prompted Senator Driskin to observe, "Your father was a champion in his own right [laughter]."

"Let's see, my mother had either 12 or 13 children," Sonny recalls. "No, I'm sure it was 13." He, however, can only account for nine. "E. R. Ward, he's the oldest, a boy child almost 40 years old now. It's been a good while since I seen him. Next comes J. T. I always call him Shorty, and he's close behind E. R. After J. T., there's Leo and then my sisters Clarete, Annie and Akoma. Curtice, me and Wesley. Annie and me was closest, and I see a lot of her. She always kiks me because I was bigger than her, yet she would rock me to sleep. Curtice and J. T. get together with me sometimes, and I see Wesley, the baby, in '38 or '39, but the others have wandered off someplace."

When the weather was good," Sonny says, recollecting life as it was in Arkansas, "I'd work in the fields, and when it was bad I'd go to school. My father worked me hard. Sure, I'd get to fooling around when he wasn't looking, but he'd catch me and whip me. Man, I bet I caught a whipping every day. If I didn't, I wouldn't know what to do. If my father missed a day I'd have to go wake him up and ask, 'How come you didn't whip me today?' I was 15 when my father and me got in this fight, and he whipped me. But this time I figured I was too big to be whipped, so I decided to run away to St. Lou, where my mother was staying with Akoma and Curtice.

"One morning I got up early," he says, "and thrashed the pecans off my brother-in-law's tree and earned the nuts to town and sold them. That gave me enough money to buy a train ticket to St. Louis. I figured the city would be like the country, and all I had to do was to ask somebody where my mother lived and they'd tell me she lived down the road a piece. But when I got to the city there were too doggone many people there, and I just wandered around lost. But one morning I told my story to a wino, and he says I favor this lady that lives down the street. He took me over to the house, and I



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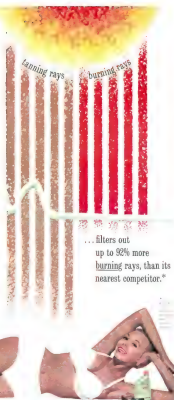
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knocked on the door and my brother Curtice opened the door. From then on I stayed with my mother. She put me in school, but I was much bigger than the other children and I didn't stay long. Other kids, you know, seen me coming out of—I was such a large boy. Other kids would see me coming out of such small kids' room. So they would make fun of me and start laughing, and I started fighting. And then I started playing hooky, and from hooky I led to another thing, so I wound up in the wrong school—well, the house of detention."

I got to running with the wrong crowd. We broke into this restaurant about 2 in the morning and got away. But after we had gone 10 blocks we decided to stop and get some barbecue, and then the police came along and barbecued us. I got out on probation. I was 16 then, weighing over 200 pounds. I was in a lot of street fights. I used to punch first and ask questions later, that's the way those guys do. I guess I was the biggest, strongest guy on the corner. None of the other gangs would mess with me, and so I started to strut with this gang and wound up in a bigger house.

"Some sucker sold me a gun to be shot only on Sunday night, that's the only time you needed it. I never shot a gun before, so I held it up in the sky and pulled the trigger. The gun lit up and I, thinking it was on fire, threw it in the mud. After that I started running with this guy who had a car. We made a few trick-ups, got away with the first, tried a second and it didn't turn out. This time they sent me away to Jefferson City for five years."

The record:

- Victim reported the No. 1 Negro struck him in the mouth, knocking him to the street, after which all three Negroes held him down and removed from his left hip trousers pocket his billfold containing \$6.

- Victim reported three Negro men threw dirt in his face and then beat him and dragged him into the alley where they knocked him down and kicked him, and one of the men took from his right side trousers pocket \$8.

- Victim reported three Negroes came up behind him and pulled him into a vacant lot and took from his person his brown leather billfold, which was in his left hip trousers pocket and which contained about \$45.

- They walked to the rear of the filling station and looked in the window and saw the attendant was by himself. At this time a man dressed in a soldier's uniform, who appeared to have been drinking, walked up, and Liston grabbed him around the neck from the rear, bent him backwards and held him while Jordan searched his pockets. He found one nickel, which he kept. Then they went into the filling station and Jordan asked the attendant to sell him a can of gas, and when the attendant turned around, Liston grabbed him around the neck, informed him to be quiet or he would get hurt and said, this is a holdup.

- They passed a lunchroom and observed that there was only one man there and that it looked like an easy spot. Belt took a pistol from under the front seat and gave it to Liston. Liston and Jordan entered the lunchroom, and when Liston took the gun out of his pocket, Jordan grabbed it out of his hand and pointed it at the man behind the counter and said, this is a holdup.

- On January 15, 1950, Negro known as No. 1 man, Charles (Sonny) Liston; robbery first degree, two counts and larceny from a person, two counts; was sentenced to five years in the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City on such charge, the sentence to run concurrently.

"I didn't mind prison," Liston says. "I figure I had to pay for what I did. No use crying. I should have tried that before I did wrong."

Indeed, Sonny has said the food at Jeff City was the best he had ever eaten, an opinion not shared by his fellow inmates, who rioted in 1954 in protest against the food. The day Sonny was paroled, Monroe Harrison, who subsequently became his co-manager, bought him a chicken dinner as a treat. Monroe recalls that Sonny stared somberly at the chicken. "Why don't you eat it?" Monroe asked. "I don't know how," Sonny said.

Sonny was also delighted with his job in the penitentiary. "I was a ranner," he says proudly. "You know, I ran mes-

sages or carried clothes to the dry cleaners. I got the job because Father Stevenson was always in my corner." Father Alois Stevens (whom Sonny unaccountably calls Father Stevenson) was perhaps the first beneficial influence in his life. "He was the one who started me fighting," Sonny says. Whether prize-fighting was a benefit is disputed by one prominent boxing figure. "Boxing has done nothing for Sonny Liston," he says sourly, "but introduced him to a lot of high-class boys."

"I was the Catholic chaplain at Jeff City," Father Stevens explains, "and the athletic director, too. They used to wish



TOUGH COP. Detective Norman Jones, Missouri, at St. Louis, has been a witness at Liston's trial. "He's a bad man."

a lot of these jobs on chaplains. Sonny was just a big, ignorant, pretty nice kid. He wasn't smart-lucky, but he got in late scrapes. I tried to teach him the alphabet, but it was hard to impress upon him the importance of it. 'Surely you'll want to read the papers about yourself,' I'd tell him, but he wasn't too faithful. He was very penurious with his words. I ran him two winters in our boxing program, and he wound up being inmate champ."

When Liston became eligible for pa-

role, Father Stevens called on Bob Barnes at the *Globe-Democrat* to inquire how Liston could become a fighter on the outside. Barnes, who was weary of penitentiary "phenoms," recommended that Monroe Harrison, a former boxer and sparring partner of Joe Louis, go to Jeff City and take a look at Liston. Since Harrison, who is the custodian of a public school, is a relatively poor man, he asked Frank Mitchell, the publisher of the *St. Louis Argus*, a Negro weekly, to accompany him. As Harrison ruefully explains, "Frank had the car." They took with them—to spar with Liston—a heavyweight named Thurman Wilson. As Mitchell tells it: "Wilson asked me, 'How many rounds?' 'Many you want,' I said. 'We don't want to show the boy up.' At the end of four rounds Wilson told me, 'Better get me out of this ring. He's going to kill me!'"

In October 1952, Sonny was paroled in the custody of Mitchell, Harrison and Father Stevens. Due chiefly to Harrison, all went smoothly for a while. "I recommended Monroe Harrison," Barnes says, "because this is a man Sonny can lean on. Monroe is an automatic uncle."

"Sonny's the type of person that needs understanding," Harrison said the other day in his basement office in the Carr Lane Branch school in St. Louis. "He's vicious all the way. Youth, all his youth! He needs someone to help him control his emotion. He must be kept busy until all that youth and strength leaves him, like it leaves all of us. Right now he's like the leopard, that animal out there in the jungle: leap at an animal, kill it, but he doesn't need it. I understood Sonny's language, befriended him, I fathered him around. He needs training. He needs love. The right people have to take an interest in the boy and treat him like a member of the family. You got to talk to him about what he talks about. Otherwise he's got no conversation. When you go with him to a function, don't leave him out there in the fourth dimension with all those diplomats."

"Sonny was frightened," Bob Barnes recalls, "lost in the big city. After he worked out, there was nothing to do but listen to the radio. Monroe taught him to play checkers, talked boxing with him. Every once in a while Monroe would haul Sonny down to the office. 'Tell Mr. Bob you've been a good boy,' he'd tell Sonny. 'You been a good boy?' I'd ask. 'Yes, Mr. Bob.' Sonny's not

bright, but I've never known him to be mean. He's still a child, easily misled, easily misguiding. I have never known Sonny to go looking for trouble."

Harrison was Liston's co-manager, along with Frank Mitchell, for his first 13 or 14 fights. But when Marty Marshall broke Liston's jaw and, at the same time, Harrison's wife became seriously ill, the financial burden became too severe, and Monroe had to get rid of his end of Liston. He sold it for \$600. This left Sonny to Mitchell, who is, according to one St. Louis police officer, "an unwholesome influence." Mitchell has a generally poor reputation; he has been arrested 26 times, although he has never been convicted (except for speeding violations), and the majority of his arrests have been for "suspicion of gambling."

A small, tidy, passionate man, Mitchell bitterly declares that he is being persecuted, yet when he was subpoenaed by the Kefauver committee last December and had the opportunity of setting the record straight, he took the Fifth. "Not that I couldn't answer," he argued the other day in the *Argus* office. "It was that going back three, four, five years, I might not have been able to answer accurately. I did not want to subject myself to perjury."

"Poor Frank took this ignorant boy out of the pen, made something out of him," says Mrs. Nannie Turner, who is the president and treasurer of the *Argus* and Mitchell's mother. "I made Frank publisher," she says. "That's the best job there is. I wouldn't make him editor. He doesn't like to sit around and write. I tell Frank sometimes, maybe God isn't pleased with his attitude, fearing him be persecuted."

"They've raked me over the coals, sent me through the wringer, given me the devil," says Mitchell. "I'm supposed to be a freet man with the hoodlums." Indeed, it is generally accepted that Mitchell was a front for Hoodlum John Vitale (38 arrests, three convictions), Hoodlum Frankie Carbo, Hoodlum Blinky Palermo and perhaps Millionaire Sportsman James D. Norris as well in the management of Liston. Carbo and Palermo are at present in California facing possible maximum sentences of 85 and 125 years respectively for their illegal activities in boxing.

Mitchell makes the preposterous claim that he met Vitale by chance on the golf course. "It was not a prearranged thing," he says. "You see, there were twosomes.

The starter tuned Vitale's twosome and my twosome in. I couldn't afford to discriminate on a public golf course, me of all people."

Liston and Mitchell claim Liston worked for Vitale in construction, and later for an associate of Vitale, Raymond Sarkis. As Liston once said: "I consider John Vitale as a good friend whom I worked for about one year after I was introduced to him by my manager, Frank Mitchell. During this time John Vitale introduced me to Burney [Baker, a labor goon: five arrests] and Millie Allen [Vitale's girl]. In between rounds at my fights I would wave and smile at Millie and John in the crowd. I made long-distance collect phone calls to John to find out how things were at home. He said I could call him collect at this time. When John quit his business he introduced me to Raymond Sarkis, and I worked for Raymond for about one-and-a-half years, driving him around in his car. He was a good friend."

According to the testimony of Sergeant Joseph Morse of the St. Louis police before the Kefauver committee: "It has been reported that Liston's main function [for Vitale] was to keep the Negro laborers in line."

"He whopped a few [laborers] out in the county," says one St. Louis police reporter. "He didn't need to whip many—just stared at them. I don't think there were any arrests. Too scared."

"All I did for Sarkis," says Liston, "was to drive his car and help around in the house. Mostly I'd drive his car—a white Cadillac with air-conditioning and a telephone, and the cops would see me in the summertime driving along, nice and cool with the windows all up and the cold air pouring in on me and they'd be out there sweating. I know they was jealous, and they'd even be sore by pulling me in."

"We wanted to break up Liston's associations with hoodlums," explains Captain John Doherty, who was in command of the hoodlum squad. "Every time we could jump Liston up, find him, we did. We wouldn't tolerate beating any citizens up, robbing them, which he was known for. I must have talked to Liston on 20 occasions. 'Where you come from?' 'I don't know.' 'Where you going?' 'I don't know.' We tried to treat him pretty good. I told him he had great potentialities, but if you're going to associate with Vitale and them other hoi, I said, you can't make a decent liv-

ing. He never accepted my advice. He's dumb. He's got a vicious temper. He's ill-advised on many occasions. He shakes hands with police characters."

"When you start to take him in," says Lieut. Frank Burns, "he always hesitates. You get the opinion he's gauging his chances, wondering there wondering whether he'll go along quietly or not. He doesn't react, just stands there. He's like that in the ring."

"When I stopped him once on 12th Street, he doubled up his fists," says Detective Bob Green. "I pulled my gun and stood back. 'You better unfold those fists, my man.' I told him. Why did I

stop him? Just to find out where he's going."

"Once you have a record as an ex-con they'll pick on you," says Mitchell. "Sonny has the mind of a 12-year-old child. He has no finesse, not, whatsoever. He doesn't realize that he has to keep his name out of the paper. He's kind of mean, too. He hates policemen; they hate him."

"Sonny got locked up once with one of those brazier things in his hands. Shook hands with a policeman with it. Cost him \$700. But he wouldn't have the sense to be a goon."

"The cops just kept grabbing me,

picking me up," Lison says, "holding me overnight. If nobody come down to make a lawsuit to get me out, they keep me, then finally let me go. Next day, back in, I said what they wanted me to say, because who wanted to sleep on that cold steel all night? They never told me anything. They just picked me up and put me in the can and questioned me. The captain, Captain Doherty, told me to my face if I wanted to stay alive for me to leave St. Louis. So he said, 'If you don't, they are going to find you in the alley.'"

"Doherty got a bum rap on that," James Chapman, the assistant chief of police, says. "I'm the one that told him that. As far as I'm concerned, Lison's a big, 16-carat phony."

"The only thing I tried to do is work and make an honest living," Lison says. "I promised Father Stevenson I would never meet him back up there. Once I was picked up, and this one cop, who had loved some, told the captain he wanted to take me downstairs, to work I guess, with his boss. He even begged the captain for a chance to hammer at me. So I said, 'Yeah, Captain, why don't you let him take me downstairs?' But I guess Captain knew better. He wouldn't stand for it."

The ex-fighter on the force Lison refers to probably is Detective Sergeant James Reddick, a onetime Golden Gloves champion. Sergeant Reddick, himself a Negro, seems to consider Lison incorrigible.

"He's a bad man," Reddick says with feeling. "He hangs out with a bunch of dogs. I'd like to show him how bad he is. If he ever crossed me, I'd baptize his ass. He'd be like a coffee sieve. They'd remember him all right—every Decoration Day."

Father Charles Dornan Clark, the celebrated Hoodlum Priest and founder of Dornan House in St. Louis, is more tolerant. "He needs someone to show him how to live," Father Clark says. "He needs somebody he can turn to. If he's supervised, he's all right. The penitentiary talks minds. You walk the same concrete, see the same bars, never make decisions. These people don't mind getting in trouble again. They learn to trust people, but the wrong people. They panic very quickly. They rationalize their panic, and they become bad for the community, they corrupt it."

And Sonny Lison panicked and got in trouble again on the night of May 5, 1956. Trouble, in this instance, was Pa-

Continued on page 15



A GOOD INFLUENCE on Lison was his first manager, Monroe Harrison, a former boxer, now a wheel consultant. Harrison says Lison "needs someone to help him control his emotions."

Vintage Regatta at Marblehead

Once a summer at yacht clubs all over the U.S. there is a bright, frantic and very exhausting regatta called Race Week. The first one was held in mid-July at Marblehead, Mass. in 1890 and drew a dozen sailboats. Today, at some of the bigger regattas, such as those at Larchmont, N.Y. and Put-in Bay, Ohio, the race committee can easily lose track of a dozen boats among the hundreds of entries. The original regatta at Marblehead has grown, too, as the picture at right shows; but, in growing, it has lost none of the informality and pleasant excitement (*see following pages*) of that first small meeting in midsummer.

Photographed by the late J. Moore



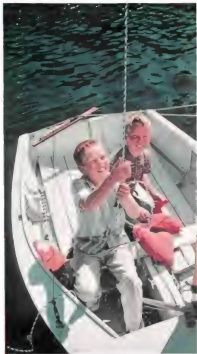






Frustrated crew of a 210-class sloop (left) engages in impromptu wrestling match with enraged sprinkler.

Freckle-faced crew of an 8-foot Turnabout hurries to hoist sail and join 153 tiny rivals at the starting line.







Bright-hulled dinghies bobble in their slips as sailors from all over New England gather on the club veranda to hash over the day's racing.

The week over, the tired yachtsmen march slowly up the gangway to the Corinthian Yacht Club before heading back to their home ports.

THE LONGEST HITTING STREAK IN HISTORY

by DAVE ANDERSON

Twenty years ago this summer Joe DiMaggio hit safely in 56 consecutive games. No one has since come close



ON JULY 15, 1941, IN CLEVELAND'S CLO

It was, in 1941, a strangely smoldering summer. President Roosevelt, sitting before four microphones in the East Room of the White House, spoke of a "national emergency" and warned of Hitler's plan "to extend his Nazi domination to the Western Hemisphere." Defense plants worked a seven-day week. Some people read a new best-seller: *Born in Days*. In the coastal cities people listened to a new sound: the ghostly wail of air-raid sirens signaling test blackouts. But Americans, as usual, had some other things on their minds, too. Many of them sang a silly tune that went, "But sat moshon on the rillenah" and, nearly every day for a few weeks of that summer, they waited expectantly for Joe DiMaggio to get his hit.

From May 15 through July 16 the lean, graceful New York Yankee corner fielder hit safely in 56 consecutive games. It is the most remarkable achievement in baseball history. In the 20 years that have elapsed, only three men have hit safely in 30 or more consecutive games—Tommy Holmes set the National League high of 37 in 1945, younger brother Dom DiMaggio had 34 in 1949 and Stan Musial had 30 in 1950. In *The Little Red Book of Baseball* there are more than 2,000 records; Joe DiMaggio's

game-by-game statistics stand, significantly, on the final page.

DiMaggio's streak, however, is more than a record. It was, at the time, a sociological phenomenon. In 1927, when Babe Ruth hit his 60 homers, the drama was intermittent—there were homerless games in between. The Babe and the fans could pause for a deep breath. For DiMaggio there was no escape from the relentless day-by-day pressure of the last few weeks of the streak. For the fans there was no escape from the magnetic force that drew them to their radios to hear the news announcer report the grim but still dreamlike news of the war in Europe and then, at some point in the program, add, "and Joe DiMaggio got his hit today to extend. . . ."

That summer, DiMaggio was everybody's ballplayer. In later years, the term "hero symbol" was applied to him. The hitting streak shaped that symbol. Even now, nearly 10 years after he told the Yankees to keep their \$100,000 and retired at 36, DiMaggio lives on a pedestal. He has another \$100,000 job, as a soaring representative for the V. H. Monette Company, which stocks U.S. armed forces post exchanges. He has a home in San Francisco, but most of the time he lives alone in a two-and-a-half-room

New York bond terrace apartment above Lexington Avenue. And he is still everybody's ballplayer. "When we go out to dinner," says George Solotaref, a Broadway ticket broker who is DiMaggio's longtime pal, "they come out of the woodwork to ask for his autograph. He signs and signs and signs."

It is as if DiMaggio has been preserved for those who remember that summer before the war. There are thin streaks of gray in his black hair, but give him two weeks in the batting cage and he could take his consecutive Frank Lory. As a dresser, he never succumbed to the sport shirt, seldom to the single-breasted suit; to him, baseball was a business, and he looked then as he looks now, like a businessman: expensively tailored in dark-blue double-breasted suits, custom-made French-cuff shirts, hand-painted ties, highly polished black shoes. He dines in the best restaurants. He courts beautiful women.

On May 14, 1941, DiMaggio was struggling at .306. The Yankees were struggling with him. They had lost four games in a row and seven of their last nine; they were in fourth place, five and a half games behind the league-leading Cleveland Indians.

The next day, in a game at Yankee



LEAGUE PARK, DIMAGGIO DROVE A SINGLE PAST INDIAN PITCHER AL MILNER TO STRETCH HIS HITTING STREAK TO 36 GAMES

Stadium with the Chicago White Sox, DiMaggio hit a first-inning single off stocky left-hander Edgar Smith, but the Yankees lost again, 13-1. The start of the historic streak was a routine sentence in the game reports. The team slump was the story: YANK ATTACK WEAKEST IN YEARS, said the *New York Journal-American*. DiMaggio, of course, was the culprit. The two previous seasons he had won the American League batting championship, with .352 in 1940 and .381 in 1939. He also had been given the league's Most Valuable Player award in 1939, his fourth straight year on a pennant-winning Yankee team. He had succeeded Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig as the big hitter of the Yankees, but in mid-May of 1941 he wasn't really hitting.

The streak sputtered along. In the seventh game, however, Detroit Manager Del Baker showed what little regard he had for DiMaggio's but despised Joe's two early-inning hits. With the score 4-4, the Yanks had the winning run on third in the ninth with nobody out. Ordinarily this situation called for an intentional walk to a slagger of DiMaggio's stature, since even a long fly ball would win the game. Instead, Baker ordered right-hander Al Benton to pitch to him. DiMaggio grounded out. The Yanks won

in the 10th, but there were those at the Stadium who said, "Joe Don don't scare 'em like he used to."

Actually, DiMaggio was slowly adjusting his wide-legged stance and re-grooving his sweeping swing. On May 24 the Yanks were losing 6-5 to the Boston Red Sox. In the seventh they had runners on second and third. DiMaggio up. "You can get him out, don't walk him," Red Sox Manager Joe Cronin told left-hander Earl Johnson. On the first pitch DiMaggio singled for the winning run. This hit stretched his streak to 10 games, but hardly anybody was aware of it yet, not even DiMaggio. "This damn swollen neck is driving me crazy," he told his roommate, Vernon (Lefty) Gomez, a few days later. "But don't say anything about it."

DiMaggio kept getting his hit, but in the Memorial Day double-header in Boston he made four errors. Normally a superb defensive outfielder, he dropped a fly ball in the first game; in the second he booted a grounder and twice threw wildly. "If you're not going to say anything about that neck, then I will," Gomez told him. The secret was out, but DiMaggio shrugged it off. "I get it every year," he said. "It'll go away." It did, and on June 7, as the Yankees opened a

weekend series with the St. Louis Browns, Manager Joe McCarthy sat in the dugout at Sportsman's Park and predicted, "The boys are just waiting for Joe to show 'em how to do it."

Records begin to fall

That day, DiMaggio began to show the Yankees how to do it. He got three hits. The next day, in a double-header, he slugged three homers and a double to spark an eight-game winning streak. "I knew I was hitting the ball well," DiMaggio says now, "but I wasn't conscious of the streak until after that series in St. Louis, when the writers started digging out the records I could break. But at that stage I didn't think much about it."

As the streak moved steadily through mid-June, DiMaggio broke the Yankee record of 29 games, shared by Earle Combs and Roger Peckinpaugh. The record hit came on a sharp grounder that took a bad hop and struck White Sox Shortstop Luke Appling on the shoulder—one of the few times luck helped. By now, DiMaggio was more than a big-name ballplayer. He was a national celebrity. The next night he went to the first Louis-Corn fight at the Polo Grounds. "He nearly started a

continued

riot," says George Siefert. "There were so many people asking for his autograph that he had almost as many caps around him as the fighters."

Other forgotten streaks were dug out by the statisticians. In 1937, it was discovered, Woe Willie Koster—aided by the old rule that first balls were not strikes—hit in 44 games for the Baltimore Orioles, then in the National League. In 1932 George Siler went 41 games for the American League record and Rogers Hornsby went 33 for the then modern National League record. "To look at Joe," recalls Lefty Gomez, "you'd never think he had any pressure on him. I never saw a guy so calm. I wound up with the upset stomachs."

As DiMaggio approached Siler's record, it was no longer a one-man story. His teammates rooted openly in the dugout. On the other clubs the pitchers bow down more than ever against him—they all wanted to be the man to stop him. The fielders, too, were more on their toes. For better or worse, human nature had become part of the plot. In the 36th game, for example, an eighth-inning single saved the streak against Bob Muncrief, a rookie right-hander for the Browns. Later, Browns Manager Luke Sewell asked Muncrief, "Why didn't you walk him the last time up to stop him?" Muncrief played. "I was going to walk him," he said. "That wouldn't have been fair—to him or to me. Hell, he's the greatest player I ever saw."

Two days later, after the Yankees finally had climbed to first place, they were leading the Browns 3-1 in the eighth inning, but DiMaggio was hitless. He coldly had given me a last chance. "That was the trouble at the Stadium," DiMaggio says. "On the road I knew I always had nine innings, so I was almost sure to get up at least four times. But at home, if we were winning, I only had eight innings." He was the fourth man up in the eighth, against Eldon Auker, a submarine-ball right-hander. Johnny Stuart popped up, but when Red Rolfe walked, Tommy Henrich turned back from the on-deck circle and talked to Joe McCarthy. "If I hit into a double-play," he said, "Joe won't get up. Is it O.K. if I bunt?" McCarthy agreed. After Henrich's sacrifice, DiMaggio doubled to left on Auker's first pitch.

In the 46th game the Yankees faced Johnny Babich of the Philadelphia Athletics in Shibe Park. Babich, a right-

hander who had pitched in the Yankee farm system, had a reputation as a Yankee-killer. The previous season, he had bested the New Yorkers five times to ruin their pennant chances. "He was out to stop me," DiMaggio says now, "even if it meant walking me every time up." In the fourth, after Babich threw three wide fast balls, DiMaggio glanced at Third Base Coach Art Fletcher. "McCarthy had given him the hit sign," Joe



HAPPY JOE RELAXED AFTER 9TH GAME

recalls. "The next pitch was outside, but I caught it good and lined it between Babich's legs into corner field. After I made my turn at first, I looked over at him. His face was white as a sheet. McCarthy was great to me during the streak," Joe added. "He let me hit the 30 pitch quite a few times, but that's the one that I remember best."

The next day, in a double-header in Washington, DiMaggio doubled off Dutch Leonard in the sixth inning of the opener to tie the Siler's record at 41. Between games, however, a fan jumped on the field near the Yankee dugout and snatched DiMaggio's favorite bat. In the second game, against Arnold Anderson, DiMaggio twice lined out and then fled out. In the seventh, he picked up Henrich's bat—an old DiMaggio model that Tommy had borrowed—and singled to left. All over the country radio announcers interrupted programs to say, "Here is a sports bulletin: Joe DiMaggio today set . . ."

In the Yankee dining car on the way to New York that night DiMaggio ce-

dered beer for all his teammates and told a reporter, "I wish that guy who stole that bat would return it. I need it more than he does. Most of my models are 36 inches long and weigh 36 ounces, but I had mislaid the handle of this one to take off a half to three-quarters of an ounce. It was just right."

The bat was returned. "The fellow who took it lived in Newark," DiMaggio says, "and I guess he was bragging around how he had the bat. I had some good friends in Newark. They heard about him and got the bat back for me."

In the opener of a double-header with the Red Sox, DiMaggio hit a tricky grounder to Third Baseman Jim Tabor in the fourth inning. Tabor, hurrying his throw, fired wildly past first base. As Joe coasted into second, everyone in Yankee Stadium waited for the official scorer's decision: was it a hit or Tabor's error? In the press box, Dan Daniel, the veteran baseball writer of the New York World-Telegram who was scorer that day, raised his right arm, signaling a hit. The crowd of 52,832 roared, and DiMaggio sighed. "That was one of the few times I got a break from the scorer on a questionable play," he recalls. "Instead of giving me the benefit of the doubt—not that I was asking for it—they usually made sure it was a clean hit. The next spring I was talking about that to Dan, and he told me, 'There was just as much pressure on me and the scorers around the league not to cheapen the streak.'"

In the second game that day, DiMaggio's first-inning single tied Koster's record, and on Wednesday, July 2, he had his chance to break it. Before game time it was to warm—94.3°—that 41-year-old Bob (Lefty) Gomez, then nearing his 300th win, begged off and the Red Sox started Heber (Dick) Newsome, a rookie right-hander who won 19 games that season. First time up, DiMaggio hit a liner to right field, but Stan Spence, after momentarily misjudging it, ran back to make a leaping catch. In the third he grounded out to Tabor. But in the fifth, on a 2-1 count, he hit his 10th homer of the season into the lower left-field stands. With that long stride of his, DiMaggio rounded the bases, tipped his hat as he neared the dugout and clattered down the concrete steps into a swarm of back-slapping teammates. "You not only broke Koster's record," said Gomez, "you even used his formula—you hit 'em where they ain't."

After the game, DiMaggio calmly sat

continued



Think Deep

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of the sea

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THE WEST'S MOST EXPERIENCED GASOLINE REFINER

in front of his locker and puffed a cigarette. "I don't know how far I can go," he said quietly, "but I'm not going to worry about it now. I'm glad it's over. It got to be quite a strain the last 10 days. Now I can go back to swinging at good balls. I was swinging at some bad pitches so I wouldn't be walked." Then, picking up a stack of fan mail, he added, "The pressure has been as tough off the field as on it." Later, he needed a police escort to get to Gomez' waiting car for the ride back to his apartment. "It was like that everywhere," DiMaggio says now. "It was a great tribute to me, and I appreciated it, but it had its drawbacks, too. I got so much fan mail—there was some kind of a good-back-churn in every letter—that I had to turn it over to the front office."

A few days later, in the Leg Cabin Farm, a nightclub north of New York City, a 29-year-old disc jockey named Alan Courtney (now a *Mo'ns* radio commentator) scribbled some song lyrics on a tablecloth. "See if you like this," he said to Bandleader Les Brown:

*When started baseball's famous streak
That's love as all eyes.*

*He's just a man and not a freak,
Admiring Joe DiMaggio.*

*Joe . . . Joe . . . DiMaggio . . . we
want you on our side.*

*From Coast to Coast, that's all you
hear.*

Oh Joe the One-Man Show.

*He's glorified the horseshoe sphere,
Admiring Joe DiMaggio.*

*Joe . . . Joe . . . DiMaggio . . . we
want you on our side.*

*He'll live in baseball's Hall of Fame,
We'll throw blow-by-blow.*

*Our kids will tell their kids his name,
Admiring Joe DiMaggio.*

© 1951 BY ALAN COURTNEY

"Not bad," Brown said. "I'll get Ben Homer to do the arrangement. Hey! That's a hethava name for a guy arranging a DiMaggio song." They laughed, and Courtney said, "I'll work on it some more, but if we can get it on the market quick, it might sell. Let's hope he keeps hitting."

He did—for two weeks more—and Joe DiMaggio became, in a sense, a sideshow freak. On July 10 the Yankees opened a weekend series in St. Louis,

and the Browns took three-column ads in the newspapers that read: "The Seasonal Joe DiMaggio Will Attempt to Hit Safely in his 49th Consecutive Game!" On July 16 in old League Park in Cleveland, DiMaggio had three hits in the 36th game. Late the next afternoon, he and Gomez got into a cab outside the Hotel Cleveland for the short ride to the ball park. The driver glanced in his mirror. "Joe," he said, "I got a feeling that if you don't get a hit the first time up, they're gonna stop you to-night." DiMaggio said nothing, but Gomez barked, "What the hell is this? What are you tryin' to do—jinx him?"

Al Smith, a veteran left-hander, was the Indians' pitcher. There were many in the record night-game crowd of 67,468 who hoped that DiMaggio would get a hit so that, the following night, Bob Feller could stop him. In the first inning Third Baseman Ken Keltner moved back to the edge of the infield dirt for DiMaggio. "He dared me to burn on him," Joe says. "I didn't burn during the entire streak." On a 1-0 count, DiMaggio smashed a drive past the third-base bag. Keltner lunged to his right, made a back-hand stab and, from foul ground, threw DiMaggio out. On the bench, Gomez growled, "That cab driver . . . that lousy cab driver."

In the fourth, DiMaggio walked, and in the seventh, Keltner made another good play on a hot shot directly at him. In the eighth, the Yankees knocked out Smith and, with DiMaggio coming up, Indian Manager Roger Peckinpaugh brought in right-hander Jim Bagby Jr. On a 2-1 pitch, DiMaggio hit a sharp grounder at Shortstop Lou Boudreau. It took a bad hop, but Boudreau picked it off near his shoulder and flipped to Second Baseman Ray Mack to start a double play. "DiMaggio," Herb Goren wrote in *The New York Sun* the next day, "rounded first base, picked up his glove and trotted to center field. There was no kicking of dirt, no shaking of the head." In papers all over the country the next day there were head shots of Smith, Bagby and Keltner, side by side, like the three assassins of a king.

The streak had ended but, for DiMaggio and millions of others, the memory lingered on. In August, as the Yankees measured their lead—they won 30 of their last 35 games, won the pennant by 17 games and then whipped the Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series—Tommy Henrich, Bill Dickey, George Selkirk and Johnny Murphy were discussing Di-

Maggio's contribution. "We ought to do something special for Joe," Dickey said. "He won the pennant for us."

On August 29, after a tiresome train ride from St. Louis, the Yankees checked into their rooms in the Hotel Shonham in Washington. It was a night off, but in room 409D, Selkirk was on the phone calling the other players and the newspapermen. Meantime, Gomez was taking a long shower.

"Let's go, Lefty," DiMaggio urged. "All the stacks will be gone."

Gomez, however, refused to be rushed. On the way to the elevator he told DiMaggio, "I just remembered something. I've got to go by Selkirk's room."

"I'll get us a table and order," DiMaggio said. "I'll meet you downstairs."



JOINT JOE ON SONG SHEET COVER

"No, no, stay with me," Gomez said. "It'll take only a minute."

"O.K.," DiMaggio grunted, "but hurry it up."

From behind the door of 809D, Selkirk pecked down the corridor. "Here he comes," he whispered. As DiMaggio entered the room he was met by nearly 40 men with raised champagne glasses. There were cheers and songs, and Gomez presented DiMaggio with a gift-wrapped package. It was a sterling silver hurricane. Perched atop the cover was a statuette of DiMaggio in his classic swing. On one side was the No. 56 for the streak; on the other, 91 for the number of hits during the streak. The inscription read: "Presented to Joe DiMaggio by his fellow players on the New York Yankees to express their admiration for his consecutive-game hitting record, 1941." Below that there were the engraved autographs of all his teammates. "We got it at Tiffany's," Murphy said.

END



PHOTOGRAPH MADE FROM MOBILE GATE SHOWS FIELD OF TROTTERS AT START OF HISTORIC DICKERSON CUP'S FIRST HEAT WITH DUKE

The Duke becomes a crown prince

At bucolic Goshen Duke Rodney establishes himself as the early Hambletonian favorite

For harness racing's night people the lovely little town of Goshen, N.Y. is a refuge from the clutter and clamor of modern raceway life. Shirt-sleeved pilgrims gather there every year during Grand Circuit week for lary afternoons of trotting as it used to be at Historic Track, 107 years old now, where kids can reach up and tweak the noses of horses stabled at trackside and the two-ticket sellers aren't too busy to say, "Good luck."

Last week an unexpected bonus was added to Goshen's unalloyed charm. A trothful brown colt named Duke Rodney trotted the fastest early-season mile ever raced by a 3-year-old on a half-mile track, and thereby made himself the favorite for the two-summer Hambletonian Stake. As Goshen's chief patron, E. Roland Harriman, put it with just the right rustic tang, Duke Rodney's race was a "bumping." There was never a whipcrack from the Duke's slight, young driver, Eddie Wheeler, or a challenge

from behind in the first heat of The Historic-Dickerson Cup, as he clip-clopped briskly past Goshen's green-roofed infield pagoda and under the wire in 2:01½. That was only one-fifth of a second off the world mark shared by Galophone and Hickory Smoke, a record set in the fall, when standardbred colts are considerably further along in their training and customarily show their best speed at that age. Moreover, it lowered Goshen's record for 3-year-olds by two full seconds.

Two excellent quarters

Leaving from the sixth post on the hard, stinging track, just inside a formidable rival named Matatar, Duke Rodney brushed for the lead at once and took it just past the quarter-mile mark. He deflected Matatar by some four lengths, trotting the last quarter in the excellent time of 29½ seconds. Whether drove an easier second heat. He gave the colt his head only in the last quarter (29½), and the Duke won handily in 2:05½. Although Matatar, driven by Harry Pennell Sr., broke stride in the first turn, he made up enough ground (most of it on the outside) to finish

second again, proving he is a strong Hambletonian contender.

Duke Rodney's first-heat time was especially surprising since he was lame as a 2-year-old and had been making breaks only the week before at Saratoga, where he was beaten by Ralph Baldwin's Orbiter. His showing at Goshen, therefore, is a tribute to Eddie Wheeler's patient training and conditioning as well as to the colt's innate speed. The slow-talking 29-year-old Wheeler came by his skill logically. In the apprentice phase of his 12 years as a horseman he worked for Trainer Jimmy Cruise, a master at patching up unsound horses. Last winter Wheeler doctored the Duke's sore foot and by April had him fit enough to set a still-current season's record for mile tracks of 2:02½. But when he wouldn't stay flat on gait at Saratoga, Hambletonian students turned their attention to Orbiter and other hopefuls: Del Miller's beautifully galloped filly, Meadow Fair; and his tough colt, Harlem Dean; Johnny Singleton's Bill Hanover and Caleb; and Orbiter's two stablemates, Spectator and Behave. Many of these are being brought along slowly now.

Usually expressionless, Wheeler man-



RODNEY (R): ALREADY IN FULL STRIDE

aged a tight smile after his Goshen victories. He squeezed out a few words: "This horse is on the small side, but he girls big. He's got a lot of heart to him. There may be some better-gaited horses, but he's got speed all right."

Two spectators who had rooted for the Duke were more visibly joyful. One was his owner, Rochester Lumberman Patrick DiGennaro, who studied bloodlines while bedded after a spinal operation and backed his findings with the \$7,000 he paid for the trotter at the 1999 Lexington yearling sales. "That was my limit," DiGennaro said last week. "If he'd gone to \$7,100, I would have lost the horse."

The other spectator, Mrs. Sherman Jenney, mistress of Kentucky's Warren Hall Stud, was positively glowing. Among the stallions standing at her farm are Rodney (owned by the Jenneys and Carolina Horseman David R. Johnston) and Kimberly Kid. Among her brood mares is Dutchess Hanover. Two days before The Historic-Dickerson, Mary Jenney, called Polly by her friends, had watched Kimberly Kid's daughter, Meadow Fair, outtrot her filly field at Goshen. The same day, she saw her own winsome 2-year-old filly, Spruce Rodney, sired by Rodney, overwhelm her field. Finally, there were the remarkable daughters by the Duke. His darn, as it happens, is Duke's Dutchess, a daughter of Dutchess Hanover.

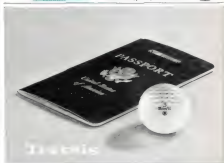
Now all that remains to make this

continued



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圖書編輯部 圖書印刷部

a wildly memorable summer for Polly Janney is a Harbottleonian victory by Duke Rodney.

This Saturday's International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway may well mark the third consecutive year that a foreign horse beats the best we have to offer. The two previous International winners, Jamín and Haimo II, were not taken too seriously by American experts before they raced here, and France's temperamental 3-year-old mare, Krazosic, is now getting the same treatment, possibly because of all the press agency, surrounding her friendship with a goat (see page 6). Krazosic, however, is far better suited to Roosevelt's half-mile track than either Jamín or Haimo were. She takes the tight turns well and is familiar with the U.S.-style starting gate. European horses generally have difficulty here on both these counts, but Krazosic has raced on some of the smaller ovals in Italy, where our gates are used.

The other French entry is Le Charmant, a 6-year-old mare that has beaten such good American exports as Hickory Fine and Quick Song on European tracks. However, she does not have Krazovic's speed or experience behind the gate, and may not be in the same class as our own two-trainers in the race. Su Mac Lad and Merrie Duke. Just a few weeks ago Su Mac was probably the best trotter in the country—in seven straight dashes, he beat all comers. Then, clearly past his peak, he lost two races, one of them to Merrie Duke. Trainer Stanley Dancer may not be able to bring Su Mac back to top form in such a brief period. Merrie Duke, on the other hand, seems to be getting better with each race, having won two successive major trots here and in Chicago. He is also, at 4, the youngest horse in the International, and an improving youngster is always a good bet against older horses.

The last two horses in the field are Italy's Tornese and Canada's Tie Silk. Tornese finished second to Jarnin in 1999. He has the stamina and the experience but for some reason has never performed at his best in this country. Tie Silk showed excellent promise late in his 3-year-old season and also the following year. At this stage, however, he does not appear up to this kind of competition.

The smallest part of this fine camera is almost microscopic; the biggest part is invisible



Four of the screws used in the new Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera are so tiny that you'd need a magnifying glass to make sure they're not just specks of metal.

The other 466 parts are, of course, larger. But the biggest, most important part of this camera is invisible: the patient human endeavor which makes it the camera it is.

No place for haste

There are lots of ways to avoid most of the hundreds of tests to which each Retina Reflex III Camera is subjected. But without this patient setting and re-setting the finished product wouldn't be quite the same.

There are faster ways of turning out competent craftsmen than by schooling them for nearly four exciting years. But without these perfectionists, we couldn't begin to produce an instrument like the Retina Reflex III Camera.

There are short cuts that would allow us to make many more Retina Cameras. We'll settle for fewer in

order to make each one a masterpiece.

Simplicity is the secret

If you have never owned a truly great 35mm camera, you'll be amazed at the versatility and the economy of the Kodak Retina Reflex III. It is a single-lens reflex camera. This means you view and focus through the lens—you see the area of the finished picture nearly life-size.

You can set the exact exposure while you're framing your subject, too. Simply center the needle of the photoelectric exposure control between the two brackets that appear in the viewfinder.

You can select shutter speeds up to 1/500; advance film with a flick of your thumb. It's hard to imagine a camera that is so precise, yet so easy to operate.

A long-term investment

Built for many years of use, the Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera is truly a

long-term investment. Of course, it will take color slides, color prints and black-and-whites of travel, sports and family activities. More important, it will keep pace with the most demanding hobby or special interest—including the pursuit of pictures for their own sake.

Interchangeable lenses—28mm to 135mm—make this many-camera in one. And there's a complete selection of photo aids available to help you explore the many fascinating byways of photography.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera. The "EK" in the serial number is proof of legal import by Kodak, duty-paid and certified. Camera with 50mm f/2.8 lens, less than \$215; with 50mm f/1.9, on camera below, less than \$250. Ask your dealer for exact retail prices. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. Prices are subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

KODAK RETINA REFLEX III CAMERA



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POWER VERSUS PERFECTION

Continued from page 17

the Germans a relay on the strength of faultless baton passing, give them the hammer and the javelin on the basis of experience versus our third-string, winded-down field men—and you have a 16-4 victory for the U.S.

No rest and no reserves

The British—not to be confused with the Empire, which includes the likes of Herb Elliott—have little team depth. In London on July 21 and 22 the British must count on the distance events and hope for a good showing from Shortpeter Arthur Rowe, or face a bad beating.

By the time the U.S. team gets to Warsaw on July 28, it is going to be travel-weary and competition-weary, too. There it must contend with seasoned performers on their home grounds. The best of them, Marian Foik, might even surprise America's world record-holder, Frank Budd. The Poles will surely be capable and could be formidable. The Warsaw meet may well turn out to be as close as the one in Moscow.

The U.S. team has no reserve talent on which it can call in these meets, the first three of which occur within seven days. It is a palpable impossibility for any runner whose race covers 1,500 meters or more to compete effectively to often. Traveling with the U.S. team, for some reason or other, are seven American Amateur Athletic Union officials, and by the time the team has covered the 5,000 miles to Warsaw it may wish it had two fewer officials, and two more runners. It is this type of programming that led nine American track and field men who qualified for the team to refuse to make the trip, a decision that will cost the U.S. a few badly needed points.

The American women's team that is competing in the dual meets is about the same as its predecessors and no cause for alarm to the foreign ladies. None of them can stay within an impala's stride of Wilma Rudolph—and Vivian Brown, her teammate from Tennessee A & I, is not far behind Wilma. The U.S., alas, has no other true winner in a women's event. Since the Russians, however, score the women's events with the men's events in arriving at a meet total, we can expect to read that the U.S. was soundly beaten.

For that matter, any way you score it, the U.S. could still lose. The opposition is tough. For an idea of just how tough, examine the chart at right. **END**

The United States will compete in separate events against each of its four opponents. Since it has no July U.S. team members in each event, these meet A&T's opposition (and selection of foreign squads has not been completed) and the four performances for each athlete this year. U.S. and British times are for

the right-hand entries to yards and miles, and meters, but all field-event results there have been converted from the metric system. Physical winners are in *italics*. Those in the 200 meters, American is expected to win in the 400 meters, and German men but lose to those of Britain and East of Poland. Top places are in *italics*.

OUTLOOK: MEET BY MEET

A GALLERY OF THE FINEST



Budd



Marshall



Marshall

EVENT (world record)	U.S.A.	U.S.R.	WEST GERMANY	GREAT BRITAIN	POLAND	FIRST PLACES		
						U.S.A.	USSR/W. GERM.	G.B. POL.
200 METERS (1:10.0)	BOOB DARTEN (1:10.0)	POLLARD PROCTOR (1:10.0)	CAMPER GERMAR (1:10.0)	BAFFORD JONES (1:10.0)	FOIK (1:10.0) DELMONTE (1:10.0)	4		
200 METERS (1:10.0)	QUAYTON TRAZER (1:10.0)	DELLIN BARTISTY (1:10.0)	GERMAR PAULBANK (1:10.0)	JONES BAFFORD (1:10.0)	FOIK (1:10.0) DELMONTE (1:10.0)	2		1
400 METERS (1:10.0)	WILLIAMS PUMMER (1:10.0)	AKHOPKIN RAKHIMOV (1:10.0)	MAISER KINER (1:10.0)	BUFFORD/WEIL METCALF (1:10.0)	KUWALSKI KLOZAN (1:10.0)	4		
800 METERS (2:10.0)	SHERAT DUPPEL (2:10.0)	SAVIMOV BILITSKI (2:10.0)	P. SCHMIDT BALKE (2:10.0)	WENR HARRIS (2:10.0)	STYVAL BISZCZYNSKI (2:10.0)	3	1	
1,200 METERS (3:10.0)	BURLETON RENTIE (3:10.0)	BILITSKI KUMOTSEV (3:10.0)	EDENKAUFER LEHMANN (3:10.0)	MAITA BENSON (3:10.0)	BARRA BOGOSTEIN (3:10.0)	4		
5,000 METERS (16:00.0)	TRER CLARK (16:00.0)	BELOKHINOV YELIMOV (16:00.0)	FLOSSBACH WATSON (16:00.0)	TULLON PURI (16:00.0)	ZIMNY CHERNO (16:00.0)	1	1	1
10,000 METERS (32:00.0)	GATENCROT REIT (32:00.0)	VORAB ZAROV (32:00.0)	MAURER DISE (32:00.0)	RYMAN REALLY (32:00.0)	RYBICKI DISE (32:00.0)	1	1	1

STEPHANIE 162-11	W. JONES C. JONES 162-11	DOUGLAS TERRY 162-11	WILLIAM BOHNE 162-11	KEARNEY SHIRLEY 162-11	KATHLEEN DORRIS 162-11
190 METER HURDLES 1:12.1	R. JONES WASHINGTON 1:12.1	MINNIE CHRISTINE 1:12.1	PERSEUS WINTER 1:12.1	BUSSELL FRANK 1:12.1	MARY BESLEY 1:12.1
400 METER HURDLES 1:12.1	COLEMAN FARMER 1:12.1	CHANDLER KORNER 1:12.1	LEWIS WAGNER 1:12.1	SUSAN COOPER 1:12.1	BETTY MANNING 1:12.1
750 METER HURDLES 1:12.1	JIM HOPKINS 1:12.1	EDWARD COLLINS 1:12.1	NOT HELD	NOT HELD	NOT HELD
400 METER RELAY 1:12.1	FIRST	FIRST	FIRST	NOT HELD	NOT HELD
1,600 METER RELAY 1:12.1	FIRST	FIRST	FIRST	NOT HELD	NOT HELD
400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
800 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
1,600 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
3,200 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
6,400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
12,800 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
25,600 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
51,200 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
102,400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
204,800 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
409,600 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
819,200 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
1,638,400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
3,276,800 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
6,553,600 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
13,107,200 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
26,214,400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
52,428,800 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
104,857,600 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
209,715,200 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
419,430,400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
838,860,800 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
1,677,721,600 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
3,355,443,200 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1
6,710,886,400 METER 1:12.1	WAGNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	RENNER BENT 1:12.1	FAIRBROTHER MILLER 1:12.1	CHERRY SWEET 1:12.1

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trinfman Thomas Mellow of the St. Louis police. "I was making my relief corner and passed an alley," Mellow said. "A cab was parked in it with the parking lights on. From the entrance to the alley I looked who the driver was. The driver came down, and his name was Patterson. I told him he could get a ticket, but I was going to let him move the cab. Then Liston came down. 'You can't give him no ticket,' he said, real rough like. 'The hell I can't,' I said. I took out my ticket book, flashlight, to get the city sticker number off the cab. As I started over, Liston came over and gave me a bear hug from the front, lifted me clear off the ground. I didn't realize what was happening until he grabbed me. Kind of caught me off guard. After they got me in the dark part of the alley, Patterson says, 'Get his gun.' We struggled, and all three of us fell. Liston got my gun out. Then Patterson says, 'Shoot that white son of a bitch.' Liston releases me and points the gun at my head. I'm pushing up on the barrel with both hands to keep from looking down that muzzle. They were walking all over me. I halloied: 'Don't shoot me.'

"Liston let up all of a sudden," Mellow said, "hit me over the left eye with either the gun or his fist. It took seven stitches. My left leg was broken in the knee either from the fall or somebody stomping me. Then they ran up the alley. That's the biggest man I ever... When he give me that bear hug I couldn't even get my toes on the ground. He appeared to be drinking; the fellows that arrested him had a little trouble."

This is Liston's version: "I called a cab to come pick me up. I saw the cab pull up into the alleyway, and I hurried out of the house. Meanwhile, a cop came up and told the cabbie he was going to give him a ticket. I said, 'How come you going to give this cab a ticket? He's just doing his business.' Then the cop turns to me and says, 'You're a smart rigger,' and when I say 'I'm not smart,' he reaches for his gun and tries to take it out his holster, but I take it away from him. Later the cop said I was drunk. Now how could a drunk handle a sober cop trained to make

arrests and to pull his gun? I never drink hard liquor anyway, and the only time I drink beer is when my trainer makes me. A lot of times after a hard fight and I got beat around the kidney my trainer makes me drink a beer to flush my kidneys out."

"If Sonny had called me right away I would have squeaked it," Mitchell says. "Sonny doesn't drink. That's an old excuse. Racial slurs it was. Black son of a bitch, something like that. That would aggravate him."

"Sorry cannot drink," Bob Hursey says. "He gets sick."

In spite of his record, Liston isn't absolutely anti-cop. "If we didn't have cops," he says, "the world would be in a terrible fix. Everyone would have to go around wearing a gun. Most cops is good guys, but some of those people think their badges makes them big shots. They polish those badges at night before they go to sleep, and they polish their badges when they get up in the morning." Sonny, however, is quite obviously enraged by personal contact with the law. Here's what happened last May when he was arrested on a Philadelphia street corner.

Liston's story: "I was talking to a fan of mine on 40th and Market when this cop comes by and tells this guy to move along. The fan says he was just waiting for the bus, but the cop says, 'No, you're not, now beat it.' I thought the guy

done something wrong until the cop says to me, 'That goes for you, too.' Then I said, 'What is this, Russia or something, you can't stand on a street corner? If I am not allowed to stand on the street corner and talk to people, then I might as well be in Alabama.' At this, the cop told me, 'Either move on or you get locked up.' And I said, 'You're kidding.' So the cop booked me for corner-bourging. Now that cop should have asked what me and this fan were doing on the corner before he got tough. I think people who pay taxes have a right to stand any place they want. You know what people think after they read in the paper that I got arrested."

As usual, the official version of Sonny's arrest is somewhat at variance with Sonny's. According to Patrolman James Best, who is a Negro, he went to 40th and Market to check a complaint and found six men, five of them "regulars," on the corner. He told them to move along. All did except one, says Best. This man stared at Best for a few seconds, then said seriously: "You're going to have to take me in." Best went to a call box and summoned a wagon. Sonny phoned his new manager, George Katz, who got hold of Magistrate Harry J. Elick. Elick made a special trip to the police station to give an extraordinary hearing for the ill-trodden guest at 9:20 p.m., discharging him with this admonition: "I'm surprised that a man who has reached such pugilistic height would get involved in anything so foolish as this. But you got your wish. You were arrested."

It is not only Liston's own series of arrests that has given others besides Elick pause. It is his long symbiotic association with known hoodlums and under-rear managers. According to Lieut. Joseph A. Kado of the St. Louis police, John Vitale owned 12% of Liston's contract through Mitchell. Binky Palermo owned 12%. Frank Carbo owned 52% and two unidentified persons owned 12% each.

Liston makes light of this: "Now you hear people say that lots of other guys owned me; John Vitale got so much percent, Mitchell got so much percent and a bunch of other guys got so much percent. If that's so, what did I get? I'll tell you what I got: I got no percent. Now that don't make sense, I do all the

A LISTON VETERAN was Patrolman Thomas Mellow, who was attacked when he arrested the street brawler for a drinker



fighting and I get nothing? Let me tell you, if Mitchell had anyone else in with him then, I didn't know about it. Just like you know your boss, but you don't know who he's with. You know he pays you, that's all. But you don't know who he gets his money from."

Despite Liston's denials, Mitchell has admitted: "I don't definitely know the intricacies of the deals, but Blinky was definitely using his interest. But it's not in writing." And Liston said at one time: "I think that Noreis has a piece of my contract, but I don't know how much he owns."

It would be unrealistic to deny that Vitale and Palermo, a Carbo lieutenant, controlled Liston. There was ample testimony at the Kefauver hearings to indicate that Vitale and Palermo shared in Liston's purses according to Lieut. Kudja's percentages. In 1958 the mob moved Liston out of St. Louis to Philadelphia and got him a new manager, Joseph (Pop) Barone (two arrests), who had never managed a fighter until he was given Liston to handle. Barone is a longtime associate of Palermo's and was reportedly his "detail supervisor" for several years. Barone self-righteously denies that he was a front for anyone, but when he, like Mitchell, had the opportunity to testify before the Kefauver investigating committee last December he turned up in a hospital suffering from anxiety and deep depression.

Earlier this year Liston seemed to be exhibiting similar symptoms when it became obvious he would never get a title fight with Floyd Patterson because of the hoodlums in his background. He therefore reluctantly discarded Barone, agreeing to buy his contract from him for \$75,000. "Me and Pop was getting to be one big happy family," Sonny says, "and I hated to let him go. But there wasn't anything else to do."

After arranging to buy Barone's 50% interest in himself, Liston was besieged by prospective managers ranging from Ricky Marciano to Joe Louis to Pete Rademacher. Sonny finally settled upon George Katz of Philadelphia. Katz, who managed former welterweight and middleweight Gil Turner, is a vain, pleasant, glibulous man whose thinking and conversation are larded with family responsibility, good name and flag waving. His professed views on boxing, too many of which he put off the record, are naive. He thinks, for instance, that the only thing wrong with boxing is "bun officials." "In all my years in boxing I

have never heard Frankie Carbo's name mentioned," is another of his astonishing statements. "I started with a clean broom," Katz is fond of saying. "I'll end up with a clean broom, except for wear and tear. I'm president of a pretty big picture-framing company. I could retire tomorrow and just tour the world, only I don't fly, get sick and can't swim. The first time Liston came to me I turned him down. This is a headache, I said to myself, I don't know why I came back to managing fighters. I have no answer. Why did I come back? That's a good question."

"I decided to pick Katz because I like the way he speaks up for his fighters," says Liston.

"I have screamed," Katz says, proudly. "I was fined by the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission. I was fined by the New York Athletic Commission. I called some of their officials bums. I've been screaming and hollering that for years. But Gil Turner is a wealthy kid. I'm driving just a plain '57 Chevrolet. Gil has a \$7,000 Cadillac."

The second time Liston came to Katz, Katz turned him down when he discovered he was only to get 10% of his purses. "It was," he says, "an insult, and I told Liston, 'George Katz doesn't manage a fighter for 10%.' You can print it. It's true. But then I stopped to think, what had I done to deserve a bigger share? Sonny's already the best heavyweight around and the No. 1 challenger. So I usually have a 50-50 arrangement with my fighters, but 50% of nothing is nothing, while 10% of Liston could be \$200,000 in two years. I thought about it. I knew this would bring me right back in the limelight. I signed an affidavit: in effect, no one cuts, no one has nothing to do with anyone. I'm Liston's manager—no ifs, no buts, no nothings. They wanted to know whether Sonny was getting an honest manager. He is. Proof enough—Senator Kefauver doesn't know Katz. My only vice is smoking."

"I don't believe," Katz says, "the American people will allow a man to be kicked when he's down. In the United States we give a man a second chance." Katz's favorite expression is: "It's nice to be nice." When it was remarked that George Katz's outlook on life hadn't changed since he read his last fairy tale, Katz agreed. "That's right," he said. "Everyone should live happily ever after. I think Liston's going to be on the level," Katz says somewhat desperately.

"Sonny Liston's lived a clean and beautiful life since coming to Philadelphia. He won't spit on the pavement because he's afraid." A few days after Katz's pronouncement Sonny got himself arrested for corner-dragging. A few weeks after that he was arrested for the incident in Fairmount Park. Katz, a man of considerable imagination, said that he had ordered Liston to do road work during the early morning hours to avoid the oppressive heat. Then, hopelessly, he decided it had just been a "lark." Liston said plaintively: "But anybody is entitled to a mistake."

"We were moved by compassion," Pennsylvania Boxing Commissioner Alfred M. Klein said after he had approved the Liston-Katz boxer-manager contract. "We decided to give Liston a break. We instituted our own investigation of Katz. He was clean; not even any rumors or whispers. I'm not a friend of his either. I didn't talk to him for two years." After Liston's two latest arrests Klein had second thoughts. "I feel that Liston has let boxing down," he said. "He continues to fail to show that he has any perception of his position as a potential heavyweight champion." On July 6, Klein advised the commission to order Liston to show cause why his license should not be lifted. The commission did so, and Liston will answer this week.

Between fights, or between arrests, Sonny and his wife Geraldine live modestly: his car is a Ford sedan; his home, in a well-kept integrated neighborhood of row houses in West Philadelphia, couldn't have cost more than \$15,000. Liston has not yet reached the big money. He says his largest purse was \$30,000 and the most he earned in a year was \$39,000.

With his new house, his first home in a new environment, Sonny has become more assertive and more thoughtful. He ruminates about topical problems, finding a man-of-the-world satisfaction in being up with the news. "I think those Freedom Riders is stupid," he said recently. "That ain't no way to do things. You have to fight for what you get. It's like boxing. No use being in there if you just catch punches, because you're not going to get the decision. You go out hanting rabbits, and you pop away at a rabbit without thinking about a thing. But if that rabbit jumps up and shoot at you, then the next time you going to think twice before you go rabbit hanting. Now, if some sucker comes and blows up my house, then someone else's

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SONNY LISTON *Continued*

house is going to be blown up. And the next time this sucker ain't going to be in no hurry to go blow up houses."

Although he has never been a notably religious man, Sonny says a prayer over every meal: "May the Lord bless us for the food we are about to receive, for everybody, for Christ's sake, amen." "The only time I didn't say it," Sonny says, "was at Jefferson City, and then I didn't have time. You had certain time to eat, and if you didn't finish all the food on your plate they'd put you in the black hole and feed you bread and water."

With his enormous confidence, Liston believes he will beat both legendaries Johansson, whom there is a chance he may fight next, and Patterson. "I ain't going to say how I'll fight Johansson," he says, "because I never knew how he's going to fight me. I won't try to figure him out. I'll just keep throwing punches and crowd him." As for Patterson, Liston says, "I fight more than I have to with a guy that has fast hands, but Patterson's hands are no faster than mine."

Liston has always appeared a rather ponderous puncher, but Frank Mitchell, too, thinks he has fast hands. Mitchell relates that one day Sonny casually reached down and scooped a pigeon off a St. Louis sidewalk. "Man," said the astounded Mitchell, "turn that pigeon loose. Everybody looking: think you a carnival." Monroe Harrison attests to Sonny's enormous strength. "I once found Liston picking up the front end of a Ford car," he says. "Don't never for nobody." I told him, "do no heavy lifting." But Monroe, although he remains a Liston fan, acknowledges shortcomings in his style. "He has a push jab," he says, "with a lot of power, but I'd have shortened up his jab. He misses with his right, because his jab is so powerful it knocks the man back so he isn't there when he swings the right. If they give him the title fight within a year and a half, I favor Liston. Otherwise, it's Patterson. Liston'll be too big, too old, too hot."

There is another factor. Telephone company records indicate that one of Liston's opponents called John Vigne several times just before he was knocked out by Liston. There is speculation among highly qualified boxing men that several of Sonny's opponents have taken dives, no doubt without Sonny's knowledge. One well-placed boxing official

suspects at least six fights were fixed.

But Sonny certainly looked good when he defeated Zora Folley last July, a fight which no one questions. His dreary win over Eddie Machen last fall did not, however, enhance his reputation.

If Sonny really is a good fighter—which must be assumed for lack of any solid evidence to the contrary—what kind of champion would he make if he beats Patterson? "He'd be a poor example," says one eminent boxing figure. "Not only for youth but as an international representative. His testimony before the Kefauver committee was a falsehood from beginning to end."

But there are many others, like Father Stevens and Bob Barnes, who think Sonny should be given the chance to find himself in his expanding universe. "This man," Barnes said last month, "has only one chance to do anything in this world—with his hands. He should be given the chance to rise and fall with them."

While others sit in difficult, dubious judgment, Sonny commends with illudens. Geraldine reads his mail and writes his letters, though Sonny shyly admits to being able to read some. "When I have to go somewhere," he says, "I can read the streets." "Sonny reads good," Geraldine says. "He just don't have any confidence in himself." "I don't have to read," says Sonny. "I get Gerry to do it all for me." Indeed, all Sonny has to do good is fight—and, harder still, become a member of society.

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SONNY'S NEW MANAGER IS GEORGE KATZ



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THE RIVER THAT WILL FLOW FOREVER

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Forty years ago Hemingway fished the Two Hearted River and wrote an immortal story. Here is the river as it was in the week of his death

At this time of the year in the country around the Two Hearted River of northern Michigan the sky is light by three in the morning. Because the land is flat and lakes lie to the east, the sun seems at eye level for a long time; the tops of the trees look as if they were lit by floodlights from below while the woods are still shadowed. The Two Hearted flows almost due east for most of its 20 miles, so the morning sunlight strikes the river too, and the surface changes from a thick, rolling black to a tannic-acid brown, with wild silver patterns where the light coming flat strikes the riffles. Closer to the bank, the water looks coppery, or a thin bronze-brown, or golden in some lights, or even rose-colored because of the red-sand bottom. Behind fallen cedars the eddies are black and covered with foam, and before the woods are light, the vapors that steam upward from still water are shapeless and ghostly.

Even in the little clearings where the sun is strong there are beads of dew on the tall thin grass until 7:30 or so. For no apparent reason tiny spirals of vapor rise occasionally in little explosions of mist, the wilderness counterpart of the small dust whirlwinds that gyrate over the south-

western plains. The Two Hearted River rises in a maze of minute lakes at the base of a hardwood plateau only eight miles from Lake Superior. The longest branch, the west branch, is never more than eight miles from the lake. For more than six of its 20 miles it is racing along only a mile from the lake shore, a sand cliff 20 or 30 feet high forming one bank and thickets of brush and small trees forming the other.

Because there are only short stretches of the river that can be used for camp sites, it is possible to pinpoint within a few miles the place where Nick Adams camped more than 40 years ago in Hemingway's early short story *Big Two-Hearted River*. The country itself has changed very little; nothing has been built along the river's banks; no roads worth the name reach into its wilderness. But major changes are coming soon, and after this fall the Two-Hearted will be very different from what it was when Hemingway fished there.

Hemingway wrote *Big Two-Hearted River* in Paris in 1924, when he was 25 years old. It is largely based on a trip he had taken into the country soon after World War I. The story tells how Nick Adams gets off a train and hikes an

continued

ON THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON of July 2, when he heard the news of Ernest Hemingway's tragic death, Robert Cantwell, critic and literary historian, moved at once to prepare a tribute to the man who had had such an amazing influence on the art of writing. Cantwell set out for the Two Hearted River in Michigan's Upper Peninsula—the country that inspired what he considers Hemingway's most distinguished story. His purpose was

to relate the setting to the work that Hemingway distilled from it, and to record the changes since the author fished there long ago. The result of Cantwell's trip is presented here. John Gotoh, the artist, an old friend of Hemingway's and his companion in World War II, interrupted a vacation to paint this new portrait of the young Hemingway, as well as the illustration on a following page of Nick Adams fishing the Big Two-Hearted River.



unstatd number of miles through country that has been swept by forest fires. Everything has been destroyed. The earth is charred. Even the insects are covered with ashes. Nick is as alone as he would be if he were the sole survivor of a cosmic catastrophe. He is so conscious of the universal destruction that he cannot free his mind from it for a moment: When he first sees the river, he tells himself with grim humor that at least the river is still there. He walks on and on, carrying a heavy pack over a shadeless burned plain, sweating and telling himself that it cannot all be burned. When he comes at last to green timber, he makes his way into a grove of pine trees and sleeps until nearly sunset. Then he hikes on, makes camp in a meadow on the riverbank, cooks a meal and beds down for the night.

In the morning Nick Adams eats breakfast, and begins fishing downstream. He takes a small trout and carefully releases it, hooks a big one and loses it, then takes two good ones and goes back to his camp. That is all the action in the story, and its art is in the clarity of its details, its freshness and simplicity, and an effortless immediacy in the writing. It is no disparagement of Hemingway's later work to say that he never wrote so well again; no one ever wrote better in this particular field.

Today the river is the same as it was then, so much the same that a traveler who knows Hemingway's story has the feeling that he has been there before. "In the morning the sun was up and the tent was starting to get hot. . . . There was the meadow, the river and the swamp. There were birch trees in the green of the swamp on the other side of the river. The river was clear and smoothly fast in the early morning. Down about two hundred yards were three logs all the way across the stream. They made the water smooth and deep above them. As Nick watched, a mink crossed the river on the logs and went into the swamp."

A present-day camper isn't likely to see a mink, but deer are everywhere. Coming up from the river, I met one standing beside the road, wearing the wistful expression of a hitchhiker, so close I could have hit it with a stick. Bear and bobcat are hunted along the river, and moose are sometimes seen. Far upstream, beyond the last tarpaper-covered shack that served as a camp—now closed and desolate—and beyond the last overgrown stretch of old logging road, there are half a dozen beaver colonies.

The Two Hearted country is a unique natural enclosure, a fragment of the original wilderness preserved miraculously in a couple of hundred square

miles of unpeopled woods, and the instinct that led Hemingway at the start of his career to appreciate its individual character gave him his best story. To the north lies Lake Superior, where a great highway is soon to run along the shore; to the east is the resort country of Whitefish Bay; and south and west are farmlands growing more settled every year. But the Two Hearted country is still unknown, a region of legends and strange characters, none of whom can agree on where the trails run or what any part is like. It has always been mysterious, and even a little feared. There are three legends as to the origin of its strange and haunting name. Because the north branch and the east branch are distinct streams, it was said there were two hearts pumping to form the main river. Then, too, one branch forms in the Two Hearted Lakes, vaguely heart-shaped, supposedly dug by Paul Bunyan in a romantic mood. And, finally, the early settlers were so generous that people said they had two hearts. They even welcomed a Confederate veteran who fled north at the end of the Civil War, built a cabin on the headwaters of the Two Hearted and lived there until his death 50 years later. No one lives there permanently now, anywhere in the Two Hearted country.

"Eddie Giotte used to hunt at his



brother's camp on the Two Hearted after the Black Sox scandal of 1919," Joe Villeneuve said. The retired postmaster at Newberry, the nearest town, he is a bright, sharp-eyed, leather-visaged elder statesman of the woods who has had a camp on the Two Hearted for 40 years. Like Cicotte, he is a descendant of the original French settlers of Michigan. "Cicotte was up here much of the time in those years. We hunted and fished together a good deal. Later on he and his brother bought a camp together. The Harter brothers finished logging and left a big clearing with a building on it. Cicotte and his brother bought that, and Eddie lived there."

"Once when they were up here hunting deer, Cicotte saw a cow moose. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and it was by a stump right close to the camp where we were. And a relative of Eddie's—Eddie was so anxious to prove to this relative that he had seen a moose, that this relative went to the stump to look at the tracks. And while he was there, a bull moose came along."

In 1920 the only bird that Nick Adams noted was a kingfisher. It pitched headlong up the river, the trout darting diagonally in the stream when it passed. Kingfishers are still there, flashing as far as swallows over the water, but so are innumerable other birds. As the woods grow light, they set up a terrific clamor, whistles, knockings, rattles, chirpings, squawks and clackings—the soft whistle of orioles and the dry mew of catbirds, the rapping of woodpeckers and a wild spinning melodious song, very beautiful, that I had never heard before, and which, I deduced from the *Fish Book of Eastern Birds*, might be the song of the vireo.

On a windless July dawn on the Two Hearted the birds are so loud it seems strange that Nick Adams did not notice them. But at the time of the story, in 1920 that is, the country was blighted by the forest fire and the birds may have been few. Now the whole length of the Two Hearted River is enclosed in Lake Superior State Forest, with a national forest to the east and a federal wildlife refuge to the south, and at Newberry there is a state conservation head-

quarters with a staff of 20, whose radio-equipped cars cruise constantly and report over the air to the office fire hazards and violations of the fish and game laws. If they rarely report from the Two Hearted itself it is because there are few people there and no real roads to travel on. The Two Hearted is all open hunting bar, since the regions around it are either protected or fairly civilized, its wildlife is still abundant, at least in birds and the small animals that flourish with the suppression of predators.

There is no longer wolf-trapping on the Two Hearted, though it was a recognized livelihood back in the days when Hemingway was there. And today, as in his time, the wilderness closes down within a mile of the road. The auto bridge over the Two Hearted is a makeshift metal affair with a resounding plank floor, known as the High Bridge, 20 miles from Newberry, on a new-surfaced road that leads to Lake Superior. Now ground is being cleared for a new bridge a quarter of a mile upstream—a 175-foot concrete span, to be opened in November, which will be the first real opening into the Two Hearted's wild. There are clearings near the bridge, road crews, piles of logs. But a mile upstream, the world where Nick Adams fished is unchanged. It is so essentially wild that it sometimes seems nothing can change it, not even civilization in the shape of superhighways. At the bridge itself, beside a weathered sign reading HIGH BRIDGE FRONT FOR SALE, there is a placard offering \$100,000 reward for information as to the whereabouts of one David Meredith, a Detroit visitor who was last seen in this vicinity on May 19, 1960, and has never been heard from since.

An old logging road leads upstream into thin stands of second-growth pine. It consists of two deep ruts in hard-packed dry sand. Since it is the only road, Nick Adams must have followed it part way to fish the Two Hearted. It runs along the river, which can usually be heard beyond a screen of trees below the ridge. Two miles above High Bridge, there is a footbridge over Two Hearted,

which is here about 35 feet across. The footbridge is anchored close to shore on two oil barrels, and in the middle it stands five feet above the water on a big rusty metal culvert set on end and filled with small rocks—a labor of love that makes you wince at the thought of the work it required, even as you admire the craftsmanship of the weathered hardwood beams and the neat spacing of the crosspieces.

Under the bridge the river is identical with the stream that Hemingway described in *Big Two-Hearted River*, the water pushing and swelling smooth again. Here it flows like water through a stone flume. It is of equal depth from shore to shore, and the current has smoothed out and leveled the stones so that they look like flagstones or a mosaic. The fish that can be seen—far fewer than when Nick studied them—poise in the racing current as an integral part of the design. Downstream there are three curving reefs of white water, the remains of an old logging dam. This is just such a scene from a bridge as Hemingway described in the opening paragraphs of *Big Two-Hearted River*, though for reasons of his own he moved the place a long way from this spot. "Nick looked down into the clear, brown water, colored from the pebbly bottom, and watched the trout keeping themselves steady in the current with waving fins. As he watched them they changed their positions by quick angles, only to hold steady in the fast water again. Nick watched them a long time."

Two miles above the footbridge a side road leads to an old hunting camp called the Ohio Camp, but it is closed and a big birch log has been fattened across the road. From here on there are deep plunging holes in the sand, and dry sliding sand beside the ruts; a car might get through, but it is more prudent to walk. And beyond this point there is no longer an occasional bear can or a piece of paper; the wilderness is absolute, and mile by mile the country conforms to Hemingway's account of it. At one point there is a stand of big pines, the ground clear beneath them. Hemingway wrote: "There was no underbrush in the island of pine trees. . . . It was brown and soft

underfoot as Nick walked on it. This was the overlapping of the pine needle floor, extending out beyond the width of the high branches. The trees had grown tall and the branches moved high, leaving in the sun this bare space they had once covered with shadow."

A quarter of a mile beyond the pines there is a wonderful little clearing, perfectly flat, all grasses and wild flowers and small clusters of flowering shrubs, hemmed in by a hedge-like growth of small pines and taller birches. But the Two Hearted is never a picture-postcard river. There is always something ragged and tangled about it. Dry cedar marshes spoil the effect of vast clearings. Mud banks just after a rapids weaken the scenic impact. A mile beyond the clearing there is another little plain close to the river, an opening in the woods, an acre of level ground with scattered thick-stemmed ferns over it and a few gnarled trees that look like stumps in an orchard. Another half mile along, one comes upon the head of navigation of the old logging road. It is still possible to proceed over it, but it is almost too rough for walking, and the tangled riverbank is better.

There is a grass-covered plot like a small terrace directly above the river. Thirty feet of reddish, sliding sand pitch down into the water. You can see where people have walked diagonally down the slope, the sand sliding with each step. A faintly defined path leads through the damp ferns, but no one has used it recently, and at the water's edge there are animal tracks—deer, coon and bear. The river races along the base of the sand cliff. There is a bit of underground seepage, dampening the sand a foot or so above the surface of the river. The Two Hearted roils and eddies, incredibly fast, coiling and uncoiling with a ceaseless busy turbulence, as if some conflict were going on under the surface. It is silent, or nearly silent, the only sounds sighing or pumplike sounds, the rhythmic flow of a waving branch in the water, nothing like the cluck and chatter of the Liffey that Joyce wrote of in *Finnegans Wake*. Once in a while there is the splash

of a big fish, or at least the sound of a fish making a big splash.

Another half mile of hard going leads to another deserted camp, standing in a hardwood grove, the powdery sandy soil almost covered with brown leaves, ferns two feet high growing in the road. A few pines have tried to push up into the leaf-filled sunlight, their lower branches parched like those of Christmas trees thrown out into the street. There is only one sign of man's presence in the world. Someone has tacked a blue telephone-pole insulator on a birch tree, presumably to act as a reflector in case anyone driving up the road should miss the camp in the darkness, the least likely contingency I can imagine.

Nick Adams went way beyond this point. He must have been near the headwaters, and probably not far from the ruins of the homestead of old George Whelan, the Confederate veteran who was the first to make his home on the Two Hearted. But even at this point the truth of Hemingway's picture of the country is evident. There is the complete sense of isolation, the distance from permanent habitation, the absence of any other person, the wilderness reality in which animals and birds seem at home. There is the hypnotic appeal of the wilderness, the curious way in which one's disquiet is taken up and absorbed and transformed into an interest in the life of the woods, an exhilaration and a confidence. "Nick was excited. He was excited by the early morning and the river." The truth is Hemingway's story are not only the literal facts of the setting; they are a subtle and profoundly significant commentary on the impact of the wilderness. They make *Big Two-Hearted River* the finest story of the outdoors in American literature—one of the best, surely, in world literature as well.

The river that inspired Hemingway was almost a community secret. The land south of Lake Superior was logged in the 1880s, a maze of pines, hemlock, spruce, white cedar, yellow birch, hard maple and beech, laced with innumerable streams, all the color of iced tea from the leachings of the bogs. The big and

farthest river of the area was the Tahquamenon, the golden river that Longfellow wrote about in *The Song of Hiawatha*, with two great falls as it emptied into Whitefish Bay. The Tahquamenon was also the center of logging struggles and scandals, whereas the Two Hearted—aside from its name—was merely another of the little streams down which logs were floated to Lake Superior.

Long before names like Thulstville and Squaresville were invented, there was the real thing in this country: it was Dollarville. Dollarville was the creation of Robert Dollar, a logging-camp cook who acquired an interest in a land company that had purchased the land grants of a railroad. Dollarville was exactly what its name implied; it was strictly for money, and for money alone, and some of its doings carried the old robber-baron devices to the point of parody. Since much of the land company's land lay on the Tahquamenon, Dollar persuaded a group of Edinburgh capitalists to build a mill on that river. After they had done so, they learned they could get logs only from the land company, which demanded prohibitive prices. The land company then took over the mill, but it was discovered that the original land-grant charter to the railroads did not permit timber-cutting, and Dollar wound up owning both the mill and the land company. With his operations thus hampered, he gradually abandoned lumbering to build up his shipping business in the Dollar line, and Dollarville became a ghost town.

Just west of Dollarville was Seney, once a lumbering metropolis of 6,000, swollen by thousands of lumberjacks when the camps closed. Seney had 10 hotels with bars, 21 saloons, 2 mammoth bordewouses on the outskirts and scores of smaller ones on its back streets. Most lumber towns were wide open, and the legends of their vice are extensive, but Seney was "a hell-camp of slavery. Strangers were shanghaied to the frontier, shunted into box cars in the camps, held in chained penance, trucked down by fierce dogs when they attempted to flee," according to a contemporary

account. Leon Coolsour, the man in President McKinley, was a section hand on the railway at Seney before he set out on his lethal mission.

Around the turn of the century Seney was obliterated by a forest fire. That left Newberry, 30 miles east of Seney, a lumber and farming community of 2,000, as the only place of any size near the Two Hearted. The attitude of the people of Newberry toward the region—and toward Hemingway's story about it—is mixed. In general, they are inclined to doubt that anyone from any place else can understand the country along the river. They take a certain pride in their hardhood if they have fished the headwaters of the Two Hearted. In the past they tended to be contemptuous of newcomers just because they didn't know the country. *THE BURNING* was the headline of a front-page story in *The Newberry News* in the summer of 1920, the time of Nick Adams' trip. The news story told how a group of Detroit sportsmen arrived to fish the Two Hearted River, were then lost, and finally came upon some Newberry fishermen. "Thoroughly frightened now," said *The News* scornfully, "and their nerve gone, they refused to leave unless the Newberry men consented to drive them back."

About this same time *The News* reported that bootleggers were making extensive use of the old roads of the country to haul illegal liquor from Canada. If so, they were doubtless more impeded by the condition of the roads than by the alertness of the police. And in any event their operations must have suffered in the forest fires. These fires reached their peak early in the summer of 1919. On July 4 *The Newberry News* reported that the Dollarville mill was then burning, eight towns were in the path of flames driven by high winds and "Newberry is surrounded by fire on every side."

These were the fires whose effect Nick saw the next year. Rain fell in time to save the town, and also to save the green timber where Nick rested after crossing the burned plain. When Hemingway set the time and place of the story in his opening sentences, he distorted things

continued



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TWO HEARTED RIVER —continued—

slightly, and that has annoyed and perplexed the people of Newberry ever since. Hemingway had Nick get off the train at Seney to start his fishing trip. "There was no town, nothing but the rail and the burned-over country. The thirteen saloons that had lined the one street of Seney had left not a trace. The foundations of the Mansion House Hotel stuck up above the ground. The stone was chipped and split by the fire. It was all that was left of the town of Seney."

Seney, of course, actually had been destroyed a generation before. Yet there had been another fire there in 1919, so that discrepancy did not particularly irritate the local readers. What angered them was a tiny detail meaningless except on the scene. Nick walks down the railroad track to the bridge to look at the river, to watch the trout. "Ernest Hemingway was never on the Two Hearted!" exclaimed Lee Anderson, a conservation official at Newberry. "He was never anywhere near it. The Two Hearted doesn't flow through Seney. The Fox does." He seemed almost angry about it, and all around the area people insist that Hemingway was a phony whose ignorance they are determined to expose. "Another thing," said Anderson. "It's miles from Seney to where he must have fished the Two Hearted. And he has that fellow carrying a big pack and he gets there in a few hours, and he says he goes through that hardwood over there. Well, I cruised that hardwood, and I could hardly get through it myself. It's a good story," Anderson concluded, "but Hemingway couldn't have known anything about the country, or he wouldn't have put the Two Hearted in Seney. I often thought of writing him about it, but I never did."

On the banks of the Two Hearted River, the matter appears simpler. Hemingway's story is and is not about the stream itself, too much like the real river not to have been inspired by it but with a universal meaning that seems almost eerily pertinent in these woods. Because he communicated a sense of the place to perfection, everyone could recognize his own stream in Nick Adams' mythical river. There was a deliberate

distortion, not an elementary error of fact, in placing the Two Hearted in Seney, just as there was in picturing the town as if it had recently been destroyed by a fire, when it had been destroyed a score of years before.

The fire in Hemingway's story is an elemental ruin that has wiped out all life. It is a symbol of a blighted world after total war, or maybe a premonition of a blasted and lifeless planet. As Nick makes his way across the burned-over plains he is so conscious of their lifelessness that he regards the ash-covered grasshoppers with a kind of awe; he even talks to them. The love of life that grows hourly along the river is irresistible; when Nick releases the trout he has caught he feels an evanescent interest in its escape, a deep satisfaction that it has gone. "gone is a shadow across the bottom of the stream."

So Hemingway's story properly begins in Seney, and the holocaust that has taken every green and living thing has also wiped out that logged-off Soderen and Gerontrah. Beyond that point he named nothing. Obscuring the details prevented a concrete here and now for every scene in the story. Of course, even the deepest wilderness of the Two Hearted River is going to be penetrated eventually. This year, on opening day of the trout season, there were 35 fishermen at the mouth of the river, an unprecedented number. There will be more after the new bridge is opened and more roads built. A good local estimate is that right now a man camping for a week on the headwaters of the Two Hearted might meet 15 fishermen in those seven days. To the local people that is a lot; in the old days no one would be met in a month—or a lifetime.

The real Two Hearted is going to change more rapidly in the future than it has in the past. The Two Hearted of Hemingway's imagination is going to live as long as people fish, and as long as English is read. It is a revelation of the genius of its author that nearly 40 years ago he deliberately altered distances, directions and names, to place his masterpiece in that geography of lasting truth where time's changes could not affect it.

END

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PAUL M. HENSON, 32, is the director of the Center for the Study of the History of the American West, University of Colorado, Boulder, CO 80502. He is also a professor of history and director of the Center for the Study of the History of the American West, University of Colorado, Boulder, CO 80502. He is the author of *The American West: A History* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1995) and *The American West: A History* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1995).

the calls. ELIENE ROMERO took the first call (11:00 a.m.) and the second (11:30 a.m.). Both calls were from the same person, a woman who said she was in a car accident and needed help. She was in a car with a friend and they were both injured. She was in a car with a friend and they were both injured. She was in a car with a friend and they were both injured.

WOLFF, J. H. 1970. *Environmental Geology*, p. 105-110. In R. W. Hill, ed., *Environmental Geology and Geochemistry*. McGraw-Hill, New York.

POWELL, WALTER C. 1911-1978. *Journalist, author, and editor.* He was born in New York City, graduated from the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and worked for the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Los Angeles Times*. He was a member of the American Newspaper Guild and the American Writers Guild. He was married to Helen Powell. He died in New York City.

[illegible]

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1.1.10-11, 1.1.13-14, 1.1.16-17, 1.1.20-21, 1.1.23-24, 1.1.26-27, 1.1.29-30, 1.1.32-33, 1.1.35-36, 1.1.38-39, 1.1.41-42, 1.1.44-45, 1.1.47-48, 1.1.50-51, 1.1.53-54, 1.1.56-57, 1.1.59-60, 1.1.62-63, 1.1.65-66, 1.1.68-69, 1.1.71-72, 1.1.74-75, 1.1.77-78, 1.1.80-81, 1.1.83-84, 1.1.86-87, 1.1.89-90, 1.1.92-93, 1.1.95-96, 1.1.98-99, 1.1.101-102, 1.1.104-105, 1.1.107-108, 1.1.110-111, 1.1.113-114, 1.1.116-117, 1.1.119-120, 1.1.122-123, 1.1.125-126, 1.1.128-129, 1.1.131-132, 1.1.134-135, 1.1.137-138, 1.1.140-141, 1.1.143-144, 1.1.146-147, 1.1.149-150, 1.1.152-153, 1.1.155-156, 1.1.158-159, 1.1.161-162, 1.1.164-165, 1.1.167-168, 1.1.170-171, 1.1.173-174, 1.1.176-177, 1.1.179-180, 1.1.182-183, 1.1.185-186, 1.1.188-189, 1.1.191-192, 1.1.194-195, 1.1.197-198, 1.1.200-201, 1.1.203-204, 1.1.206-207, 1.1.209-210, 1.1.212-213, 1.1.215-216, 1.1.218-219, 1.1.221-222, 1.1.224-225, 1.1.227-228, 1.1.230-231, 1.1.233-234, 1.1.236-237, 1.1.239-240, 1.1.242-243, 1.1.245-246, 1.1.248-249, 1.1.251-252, 1.1.254-255, 1.1.257-258, 1.1.260-261, 1.1.263-264, 1.1.266-267, 1.1.269-270, 1.1.272-273, 1.1.275-276, 1.1.278-279, 1.1.281-282, 1.1.284-285, 1.1.287-288, 1.1.290-291, 1.1.293-294, 1.1.296-297, 1.1.299-300, 1.1.302-303, 1.1.305-306, 1.1.308-309, 1.1.311-312, 1.1.314-315, 1.1.317-318, 1.1.320-321, 1.1.323-324, 1.1.326-327, 1.1.329-330, 1.1.332-333, 1.1.335-336, 1.1.338-339, 1.1.341-342, 1.1.344-345, 1.1.347-348, 1.1.350-351, 1.1.353-354, 1.1.356-357, 1.1.359-360, 1.1.362-363, 1.1.365-366, 1.1.368-369, 1.1.371-372, 1.1.374-375, 1.1.377-378, 1.1.380-381, 1.1.383-384, 1.1.386-387, 1.1.389-390, 1.1.392-393, 1.1.395-396, 1.1.398-399, 1.1.401-402, 1.1.404-405, 1.1.407-408, 1.1.410-411, 1.1.413-414, 1.1.416-417, 1.1.419-420, 1.1.422-423, 1.1.425-426, 1.1.428-429, 1.1.431-432, 1.1.434-435, 1.1.437-438, 1.1.440-441, 1.1.443-444, 1.1.446-447, 1.1.449-450, 1.1.452-453, 1.1.455-456, 1.1.458-459, 1.1.461-462, 1.1.464-465, 1.1.467-468, 1.1.470-471, 1.1.473-474, 1.1.476-477, 1.1.479-480, 1.1.482-483, 1.1.485-486, 1.1.488-489, 1.1.491-492, 1.1.494-495, 1.1.497-498, 1.1.500-501, 1.1.503-504, 1.1.506-507, 1.1.509-510, 1.1.512-513, 1.1.515-516, 1.1.518-519, 1.1.521-522, 1.1.524-525, 1.1.527-528, 1.1.530-531, 1.1.533-534, 1.1.536-537, 1.1.539-540, 1.1.542-543, 1.1.545-546, 1.1.548-549, 1.1.551-552, 1.1.554-555, 1.1.557-558, 1.1.560-561, 1.1.563-564, 1.1.566-567, 1.1.569-570, 1.1.572-573, 1.1.575-576, 1.1.578-579, 1.1.581-582, 1.1.584-585, 1.1.587-588, 1.1.590-591, 1.1.593-594, 1.1.596-597, 1.1.599-600, 1.1.602-603, 1.1.605-606, 1.1.608-609, 1.1.611-612, 1.1.614-615, 1.1.617-618, 1.1.620-621, 1.1.623-624, 1.1.626-627, 1.1.629-630, 1.1.632-633, 1.1.635-636, 1.1.638-639, 1.1.641-642, 1.1.644-645, 1.1.647-648, 1.1.650-651, 1.1.653-654, 1.1.656-657, 1.1.659-660, 1.1.662-663, 1.1.665-666, 1.1.668-669, 1.1.671-672, 1.1.674-675, 1.1.677-678, 1.1.680-681, 1.1.683-684, 1.1.686-687, 1.1.689-690, 1.1.692-693, 1.1.695-696, 1.1.698-699, 1.1.701-702, 1.1.704-705, 1.1.707-708, 1.1.710-711, 1.1.713-714, 1.1.716-717, 1.1.719-720, 1.1.722-723, 1.1.725-726, 1.1.728-729, 1.1.731-732, 1.1.734-735, 1.1.737-738, 1.1.740-741, 1.1.743-744, 1.1.746-747, 1.1.749-750, 1.1.752-753, 1.1.755-756, 1.1.758-759, 1.1.761-762, 1.1.764-765, 1.1.767-768, 1.1.770-771, 1.1.773-774, 1.1.776-777, 1.1.779-780, 1.1.782-783, 1.1.785-786, 1.1.788-789, 1.1.791-792, 1.1.794-795, 1.1.797-798, 1.1.800-801, 1.1.803-804, 1.1.806-807, 1.1.809-810, 1.1.812-813, 1.1.815-816, 1.1.818-819, 1.1.821-822, 1.1.824-825, 1.1.827-828, 1.1.830-831, 1.1.833-834, 1.1.836-837, 1.1.839-840, 1.1.842-843, 1.1.845-846, 1.1.848-849, 1.1.851-852, 1.1.854-855, 1.1.857-858, 1.1.860-861, 1.1.863-864, 1.1.866-867, 1.1.869-870, 1.1.872-873, 1.1.875-876, 1.1.878-879, 1.1.881-882, 1.1.884-885, 1.1.887-888, 1.1.890-891, 1.1.893-894, 1.1.896-897, 1.1.899-900, 1.1.902-903, 1.1.905-906, 1.1.908-909, 1.1.911-912, 1.1.914-915, 1.1.917-918, 1.1.920-921, 1.1.923-924, 1.1.926-927, 1.1.929-930, 1.1.932-933, 1.1.935-936, 1.1.938-939, 1.1.941-942, 1.1.944-945, 1.1.947-948, 1.1.950-951, 1.1.953-954, 1.1.956-957, 1.1.959-960, 1.1.962-963, 1.1.

WORLD SOCIETY (DAVID M. MANN, Editor, Newburg, S.C.) continued his 1990 Passage into the 21st Century, publishing his 1991 edition, entitled *World Society* (Barnes & Noble, 1991). He is a member of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and a U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

Reference: N. ANDERSON, *Nonlinearities in the Stock Market*, John Wiley & Sons, 1998. The book is a collection of essays on nonlinearities in the stock market, edited by N. Anderson. The book is a collection of essays on nonlinearities in the stock market, edited by N. Anderson. The book is a collection of essays on nonlinearities in the stock market, edited by N. Anderson.

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Walnut Creek, California, West

REVIEWER *W. J. STEVENSON*
 Department of Biology, University of Michigan,
 Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106-1116, U.S.A.
 (e-mail: jstevenson@umich.edu)
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REPORTS FROM SOCIETY MEETINGS—The 1998 annual meeting of the American Society of Human Genetics, held in Denver, Colorado, was a landmark event for the field of human genetics. The meeting was held in conjunction with the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the structure of DNA by James Watson and Francis Crick. The meeting was held in conjunction with the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the structure of DNA by James Watson and Francis Crick. The meeting was held in conjunction with the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the structure of DNA by James Watson and Francis Crick.

THE L. EDWARDS COLLECTION, 1900-1910, 1910-1920, 1920-1930, 1930-1940, 1940-1950, 1950-1960, 1960-1970, 1970-1980, 1980-1990, 1990-2000, 2000-2010, 2010-2020, 2020-2030, 2030-2040, 2040-2050, 2050-2060, 2060-2070, 2070-2080, 2080-2090, 2090-2100, 2100-2110, 2110-2120, 2120-2130, 2130-2140, 2140-2150, 2150-2160, 2160-2170, 2170-2180, 2180-2190, 2190-2200, 2200-2210, 2210-2220, 2220-2230, 2230-2240, 2240-2250, 2250-2260, 2260-2270, 2270-2280, 2280-2290, 2290-2300, 2300-2310, 2310-2320, 2320-2330, 2330-2340, 2340-2350, 2350-2360, 2360-2370, 2370-2380, 2380-2390, 2390-2400, 2400-2410, 2410-2420, 2420-2430, 2430-2440, 2440-2450, 2450-2460, 2460-2470, 2470-2480, 2480-2490, 2490-2500, 2500-2510, 2510-2520, 2520-2530, 2530-2540, 2540-2550, 2550-2560, 2560-2570, 2570-2580, 2580-2590, 2590-2600, 2600-2610, 2610-2620, 2620-2630, 2630-2640, 2640-2650, 2650-2660, 2660-2670, 2670-2680, 2680-2690, 2690-2700, 2700-2710, 2710-2720, 2720-2730, 2730-2740, 2740-2750, 2750-2760, 2760-2770, 2770-2780, 2780-2790, 2790-2800, 2800-2810, 2810-2820, 2820-2830, 2830-2840, 2840-2850, 2850-2860, 2860-2870, 2870-2880, 2880-2890, 2890-2900, 2900-2910, 2910-2920, 2920-2930, 2930-2940, 2940-2950, 2950-2960, 2960-2970, 2970-2980, 2980-2990, 2990-3000, 3000-3010, 3010-3020, 3020-3030, 3030-3040, 3040-3050, 3050-3060, 3060-3070, 3070-3080, 3080-3090, 3090-3100, 3100-3110, 3110-3120, 3120-3130, 3130-3140, 3140-3150, 3150-3160, 3160-3170, 3170-3180, 3180-3190, 3190-3200, 3200-3210, 3210-3220, 3220-3230, 3230-3240, 3240-3250, 3250-3260, 3260-3270, 3270-3280, 3280-3290, 3290-3300, 3300-3310, 3310-3320, 3320-3330, 3330-3340, 3340-3350, 3350-3360, 3360-3370, 3370-3380, 3380-3390, 3390-3400, 3400-3410, 3410-3420, 3420-3430, 3430-3440, 3440-3450, 3450-3460, 3460-3470, 3470-3480, 3480-3490, 3490-3500, 3500-3510, 3510-3520, 3520-3530, 3530-3540, 3540-3550, 3550-3560, 3560-3570, 3570-3580, 3580-3590, 3590-3600, 3600-3610, 3610-3620, 3620-3630, 3630-3640, 3640-3650, 3650-3660, 3660-3670, 3670-3680, 3680-3690, 3690-3700, 3700-3710, 3710-3720, 3720-3730, 3730-3740, 3740-3750, 3750-3760, 3760-3770, 3770-3780, 3780-3790, 3790-3800, 3800-3810, 3810-3820, 3820-3830, 3830-3840, 3840-3850, 3850-3860, 3860-3870, 3870-3880, 3880-3890, 3890-3900, 3900-3910, 3910-3920, 3920-3930, 3930-3940, 3940-3950, 3950-3960, 3960-3970, 3970-3980, 3980-3990, 3990-4000, 4000-4010, 4010-4020, 4020-4030, 4030-4040, 4040-4050, 4050-4060, 4060-4070, 4070-4080, 4080-4090, 4090-4100, 4100-4110, 4110-4120, 4120-4130, 4130-4140, 4140-4150, 4150-4160, 4160-4170, 4170-4180, 4180-4190, 4190-4200, 4200-4210, 4210-4220, 4220-4230, 4230-4240, 4240-4250, 4250-4260, 4260-4270, 4270-4280, 4280-4290, 4290-4300, 4300-4310, 4310-4320, 4320-4330, 4330-4340, 4340-4350, 4350-4360, 4360-4370, 4370-4380, 4380-4390, 4390-4400, 4400-4410, 4410-4420, 4420-4430, 4430-4440, 4440-4450, 4450-4460, 4460-4470, 4470-4480, 4480-4490, 4490-4500, 4500-4510, 4510-4520, 4520-4530, 4530-4540, 4540-4550, 4550-4560, 4560-4570, 4570-4580, 4580-4590, 4590-4600, 4600-4610, 4610-4620, 4620-4630, 4630-4640, 4640-4650, 4650-4660, 4660-4670, 4670-4680, 4680-4690, 4690-4700, 4700-4710, 4710-4720, 4720-4730, 4730-4740, 4740-4750, 4750-4760, 4760-4770, 4770-4780, 4780-4790, 4790-4800, 4800-4810, 4810-4820, 4820-4830, 4830-4840, 4840-4850, 4850-4860, 4860-4870, 4870-4880, 4880-4890, 4890-4900, 4900-4910, 4910-4920, 4920-4930, 4930-4940, 4940-4950, 4950-4960, 4960-4970, 4970-4980, 4980-4990, 4990-5000, 5000-5010, 5010-5020, 5020-5030, 5030-5040, 5040-5050, 5050-5060, 5060-5070, 5070-5080, 5080-5090, 5090-5100, 5100-5110, 5110-5120, 5120-5130, 5130-5140, 5140-5150, 5150-5160, 5160-5170, 5170-5180, 5180-5190, 5190-5200, 5200-5210, 5210-5220, 5220-5230, 5230-5240, 5240-5250, 5250-5260, 5260-5270, 5270-5280, 5280-5290, 5290-5300, 5300-5310, 5310-5320, 5320-5330, 5330-5340, 5340-5350, 5350-5360, 5360-5370, 5370-5380, 5380-5390, 5390-5400, 5400-5410, 5410-5420, 5420-5430, 5430-5440, 5440-5450, 5450-5460, 5460-5470, 5470-5480, 5480-5490, 5490-5500, 5500-5510, 5510-5520, 5520-5530, 5530-5540, 5540-5550, 5550-5560, 5560-5570, 5570-5580, 5580-5590, 5590-5600, 5600-5610, 5610-

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

At mid-point the season was full of surprises. The NL's consensus pick for sixth place, the Cincinnati Reds, threatened to run away from the field. The Detroit Tigers, relegated to the depths of the expanded AL in previous estimates, grudgingly hung on to the York ex. Washington and Los Angeles had a couple of losses beneath them, and both were close to 40 wins—then forecast quotas for the full season. Minnesota, Kansas City and St. Louis freewheelers. As a result, Crookie Livagotto, Joe Gordon and Seth Thomas were out. In came Sam Rice, Hank Bauer and Johnny Keane, with little noticeable improvement. The Cubs played without a manager but cut their head-coaching staff to one, El Tappe, and re-installed its seventh, Vernon Linn, who has never won 28 games, already had 16, but a chance for 30. Sandy Kousser of the Dodgers, who owns the NL record of 18 strikeouts in one game, was averaging a strikeout an inning and had as many won (11) in half a season as he ever had in a full one. Norm Cash of the Tigers and George Almon of the Cubs were 100 points over their lifetime batting averages. Cash, with .355, 24 homers and 70 RBIs, was a candidate for the Triple Crown, last won by Mickey Vernon in 1936. Maule and Roger Maris hit home runs (24 for Maule, 33 for Maris) in 10 parks and had the parties arguing: would 40 homers in 162 games supercede Babe Ruth's 60 in a 154-game schedule? At least a good bet for collection was the two-man home mark of Ruth and Lou Gehrig (107) set in 1927.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Old pitcher Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, allowed the Los Angeles Dodgers to batter his losing pitcher Ken Hunt (22) for three runs in the first inning of the series between the two top teams. Hunt, responding to Hutchinson's nonsense, then settled down and won. The Reds took the second game behind Bob Parkey and stretched their streak to eight games before Johnny Peñon's last-inning charging stopped them. Vernon Linn of the Pirates took his own shoulder, his 3-4 record and his 4.75 ERA home to Boise, Idaho. The pitching staff struggled along with help from rookie Al McLean and Bob Friend's second nine-inning performance since April 19, but the Boston Braves could only win three games. The San Francisco Giants fell to fourth after five straight losses. Carroll Sherman Jones of the Reds and Don Tamm of the Cards had the Giants squaring. Jones beat them 3-2, and Tamm turned a game around with a triple in the ninth inning. Under new manager Johnny Keane, St. Louis won twice. The Braves won three games, but Warren Spahn lost another—his fourth in a row. "I've won when I make good pitches, they beat me," said Spahn, who is only four short of 300 victories. "I've got the feeling that once I get to 297, I'll be all right." The Chicago Cubs got to 34 wins on Rubein Schuyler's hitless relief pitching. El Tappe sent left-hander Dick Ellsworth to the Cubs' depleted bullpen with instructions to add a new path "I'm a screwball man," says Tappe. The hopes of Ellsworth crashed into each other under fly balls, gave up 41 runs in seven games and won only once.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The potent young pitching staff of the Orioles began to show why Baltimore—not Detroit—is the real threat to the Yankees. The Orioles allowed only six runs and 29 hits in seven games, winning six. Washington's pitching was almost as tough, yielding 10 runs in six games. The new Senators beat the old Senators two straight, led the Twins by five games and won a game and a half out of the first division. Zeroo Venegas pumped the Minnesota club and prepared to return to Cuba, where he was tired of baseball and missed his 37-year-old wife. After three losses to the Twins early in the week, the 40-year-old 4 Negro White Sox were in trouble again. Two weeks ago they were



BATTING LEADERS at midseason were Rubein Schuyler, Boston (.313) of the Cubs and Warren Spahn (.303) of NY, both unexpected.

seven and a half games out of first and in fourth place. Now 34 games back, the Sox were in danger of returning to the second basement. Harry Fagan and Jim Sargent of the Indians pitched Cleveland out of a four-game stud. The victories couldn't halt the "Jimmie must go" rumors at Manager Dykes' request the traditional lot of death: a vote of confidence. The largest New York crowd in 34 years (34,296) saw the Yankees and Tigers split the July 4th double-header. When the day was over Detroit was in first place on Frank Lary's square bunt and Cleveland's double steal of home runs Mexico Calvo at bat. "If I don't make it, I'm in Detroit," said Calvo. But the Yankees made it back to first place three days later. The Los Angeles Angels could not catch on the inspired pitching of outfielder Steve Hillis (.308) and Waddy Bridges' third homer in successive days. "It's not a coincidence," dramatic. No little boy in the hospital asked me to his one. I didn't promise it to my kid too big birthday, and we weren't before he'd checked to appreciate a." The A's were a little shocked, too. Golden Boy, Lou Kozak was bombed twice (he's 1-4), the club lost seven of eight and KC' led to 10th. The powerful Boston Red Sox (58 homers compared to the Yankees' 118) lost seven games. Manager Mike Higgins looked for a good second hit from Jackie Jensen (337 RBIs in three seasons, only 35 this year).

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE					BA	OPS	HR	RB
1st	Peñon	.338	1.000	179	Peñon	31		
2nd	Maule	.334	.988	127	Maule	30		
3rd	Gordon	.325	.970	178	Gordon	30		
4th	Shaw	.314	.959	180	Shaw	31		
5th	Keane	.311	.951	127	Keane	31		
6th	Bauer	.310	.951	127	Bauer	31		
7th	Spahn	.308	.948	126	Spahn	31		
8th	Ellsworth	.307	.947	125	Ellsworth	31		
9th	Gehrig	.301	.941	125	Gehrig	31		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

BA	OPS	HR	RB	OPS		
1st	Keane	.331	.988	127	Keane	31
2nd	Maule	.334	.988	127	Maule	31
3rd	Gordon	.325	.970	178	Gordon	31
4th	Shaw	.314	.959	180	Shaw	31
5th	Keane	.311	.951	127	Keane	31
6th	Bauer	.310	.951	127	Bauer	31
7th	Spahn	.308	.948	126	Spahn	31
8th	Ellsworth	.307	.947	125	Ellsworth	31
9th	Gehrig	.301	.941	125	Gehrig	31

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE					IP	ER	BB	HR
1st	Peñon	131	40	40	Peñon	2.63		
2nd	Maule	121	38	38	Maule	2.86		
3rd	Gordon	125	40	40	Gordon	2.67		
4th	Shaw	128	40	40	Shaw	2.72		
5th	Keane	125	40	40	Keane	2.74		
6th	Bauer	121	40	40	Bauer	2.86		
7th	Spahn	126	40	40	Spahn	2.86		
8th	Ellsworth	121	40	40	Ellsworth	2.86		
9th	Gehrig	121	40	40	Gehrig	2.86		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1st	Keane	131	40	40	Keane	2.58
2nd	Maule	121	38	38	Maule	2.78
3rd	Gordon	125	40	40	Gordon	2.89
4th	Shaw	128	40	40	Shaw	2.96
5th	Keane	125	40	40	Keane	2.98
6th	Bauer	121	40	40	Bauer	3.06
7th	Spahn	126	40	40	Spahn	3.06
8th	Ellsworth	121	40	40	Ellsworth	3.06
9th	Gehrig	121	40	40	Gehrig	3.06

Baseball statistics through September 1, 1961

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GLORIOUS FOURTH

Sir:

Three cheers, a loud hurrah and nine Roman candles for Dolly Kennedy's *An Old-fashioned Fourth* (July 31).

If Dolly got "drunk" just writing and thinking about the homemade vanilla ice cream, I had a real orgy just reading about past Americans.

Mrs. CHARLES WOOD

Atlanta

BALK

Sir:

It seems to me that Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers is pitching illegally (*The Young Pitcher* Take Command, June 21). In the picture his left foot has left the rubber, but his hand has not yet released the ball. It was my impression that a pitcher must release the ball before his foot leaves the pitcher's rubber.

Please correct me if I am wrong.

ARTHUR WEISS JR.

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

No umpire who is worth his salt, which I consider myself to be, could possibly miss it.

We find Sandy Koufax in the act of firing toward home plate, with the ball still clutched in his hand and his foot off the rubber.

Tell him to watch it. All umpires aren't asleep.

CHARLES (RINO) HARRISON

Lynn, Mass.

● Not even those who are awake, like Shag Crawford, who was watching the game that day, can hope to be always as quick as a camera's lens.—ED.

IN THE ROUGH

Sir:

Your suggestion that the International Golf Sweepers' Association take a little money out of the list of American tournament sponsors and allow some of the top stars to compete abroad (*Sweepers*, June 24) was not only badly slanted but obviously badly researched.

You apparently are not aware even of the fact that top stars do compete in established international tournaments without running afoul of rules of the IGSA or the Professional Golfers' Association.

The only thing the sponsors—or the PGA—opposed was the setting up of special tournaments by individuals who designate them as blue ribbon events and expect everyone else to cancel anything they have scheduled to make them a success.

DORRIS MORRIS

New Orleans

Sir:

Your writer fails to mention that the tournament players are well aware of the contracts between the PGA and the sponsors. Without this contract, which provides some assurance of a good field to the sponsors in their various tournaments across the country, there would be no \$20,000, \$30,000, \$40,000 and \$50,000 tournaments. These are the tournaments that helped Arnold Palmer and the better players develop their games and keep their names in the sports pages.

Most tournament sponsors are civic groups who put in thousands of hours toward making their tournament a success, none receiving any remuneration.

It is true that some tournaments show a profit. This profit goes to charity, to promote golf and other civic enterprises, and not into the sponsors' pockets.

HENRY TARNAN

President, IGSA

New Orleans

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—diced badly, ended in an unplayable lie in the rough.—ED.

NOT WORST

Sir:

The 35½-length defeat of the Yale crew by Harvard this year was not "the worst ever suffered by either crew in the 104-year history of the race" (*California Dares It Again*, June 26).

Harvard beat Yale by 11 lengths in 1891.

HENRY W. KRYSS

North Haverhill, N.H.

Sir:

The greatest margin since the start of the four-mile series was in 1879 when Harvard was the winner by one minute 43 seconds.

ROD P. BOWEN JR.

Assistant Manager, Yale Crew

New Haven, Conn.

COURTESY

Sir:

Negroes are now enrolled in every college of the University of Virginia, including the College of Arts and Sciences. These students are accorded the same privileges on the grounds as any other student. They have rooms in the dorms, eat at the cafeterias and even play tennis (*Sweepers*, July 31).

Of course, they can neither eat in a restaurant, stay in a hotel nor attend a movie with their fellow students in Charlottesville. When the town extends such "courtesy" to Negro university students, can more be expected toward Negro tennis players who are visiting Charlottesville from the "outside"?

ROBERT L. HURTT JR.

Charlottesville, Va.

HOT CORNER

Sir:

If Lee Danesher is right ("nice guys finish last"), then the Pirates will win in 1964. How can they miss with a blimping, brawling third baseman slung like Marlin at the Hot Corner, July 31? Any more articles with language like that, and I'll have to censor *Sweepers* (*Illustrated*) before leaving it around for my family.

FRANK A. LAWRENCE

Indiana, Pa.

Sir:

A fine story about a fine ballplayer.

BRETT A. BENNETT

Kearny, N.J.

Sir:

What's going on in that magazine of yours? Last year you guys wrote an article



CAMERA CATCHES SANDY'S BALKY PITCH

about Dick Groat. You told us that he was the leader of the Pirates. Now you say Don Hask is the leader of the club. Who's who on that team, anyway?

DAVID WILLET

Boyside, Va.

• Hook's on third.—ED.

TWIN READS

Sir:

Why did Manager Cookie Lasogotto's head roll in Minnesota? In SCORECARD (July 3) you state that Twin Owner Calvin Griffith, in lieu of supplying his team with better batters, fires his manager.

Then in the same SCORECARD column Twin Scout Joe Cambria is quoted as saying he refuses to join the home race and offers the boys "opportunity, nothing more."

If all the Twin owners feel the same way, heads will be rolling in Minnesota for years to come.

TED ALLEN

Kilgore, Texas

FAINT PRAISE

Sir:

After your article *Greatest Man on Campus* (July 3) I have begun to wonder about the bias of your writers. It hardly seems plausible to me that you can devote almost two columns to discussing the ineptness of the "well-coached" Houston golfers who managed to finish in a tie for 13th place—and then damn with faint praise Purdue's fine team victory in this NCAA event. It seems to me that the very least you could have done would have been to put in a line or two about the Purdue players and their respective scores.

JAMES R. GIBSON

Milwaukee

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Alan G. Miller, Sports Editor, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

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PAT ON THE BACK



THE HANNS

A family of fishes

When Matt Mann first came to the U.S. in 1906 he was the sidestroke swimming champion of England. Since then, the sidestroke has fallen from fashion, but Mann has more than managed to keep up with the times. During the last 50 years, besides helping thousands of this magazine's readers to teach their children to swim (SI, June 27, 1960 *et seq.*), he has developed crack swimming teams at Syracuse, Harvard, Yale, Navy, Michigan and Oklahoma. His teams have won 14 NCAA championships, 16 Big Ten and five Big Eight titles.

Perhaps Matt's greatest contribution

to swimming, however, has been his ability to communicate his contagious enthusiasm for the sport to those around him. Here, ranged below him in their natural habitat, are Matt's two children and three grandchildren—all of them top-flight swimmers. Daughter Rose Mary is coach of the girls' swimming club at the University of Michigan; her brother Matt is a high school swimming coach; and grandchildren Bruce, Connie and Marilyn are all record or title holders. If, as some claim, man's remotest ancestors are fishes, Matt Mann is plainly doing his bit to keep the family strain pure.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JULY 17, 1961



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

I was one jump ahead of calamity on Norway's snowless ski-jump

1. "Racing down a slope at 10 miles an hour is spine-tlingling even for a ski-jumping buff like me," writes Peter Thyssen, an American friend of Canadian Club, "but Norway's snowless ski-jump gave me more excitement than I'd imagined for. In the summer near Oslo, they set up a plastic jump and make it express-train slick with soap. You go down the slick on rubbery skis, leap into space and kick your skis off in mid-air. But right there comes a really hair-raising twist.



2. "The slope was lightning fast. I soared in a flash that either the run had never really been clocked or they were using a slicker kind of soap for me. Leaping into the blue at that speed was surely inviting a smash landing.



3. "In a dizzying drop below me was the snail surface of the fjord. Never was water so unexciting! At the breakneck speed I was traveling, that sheet of water hit me with the impact of a concrete wall. Right then I decided to wait for snow for my next jump!



4. "I made for shore and the Gardsvikollen Inn, where old friends were waiting—one of them Canadian Club. My favorite drink was never more welcome!"

Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive no other whisky tastes quite like it. What's more, it is the lightest whisky in the world.

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Canadian Club



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a Marlboro

-the filter
cigarette with
the unfiltered
taste



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